RICE $1.25

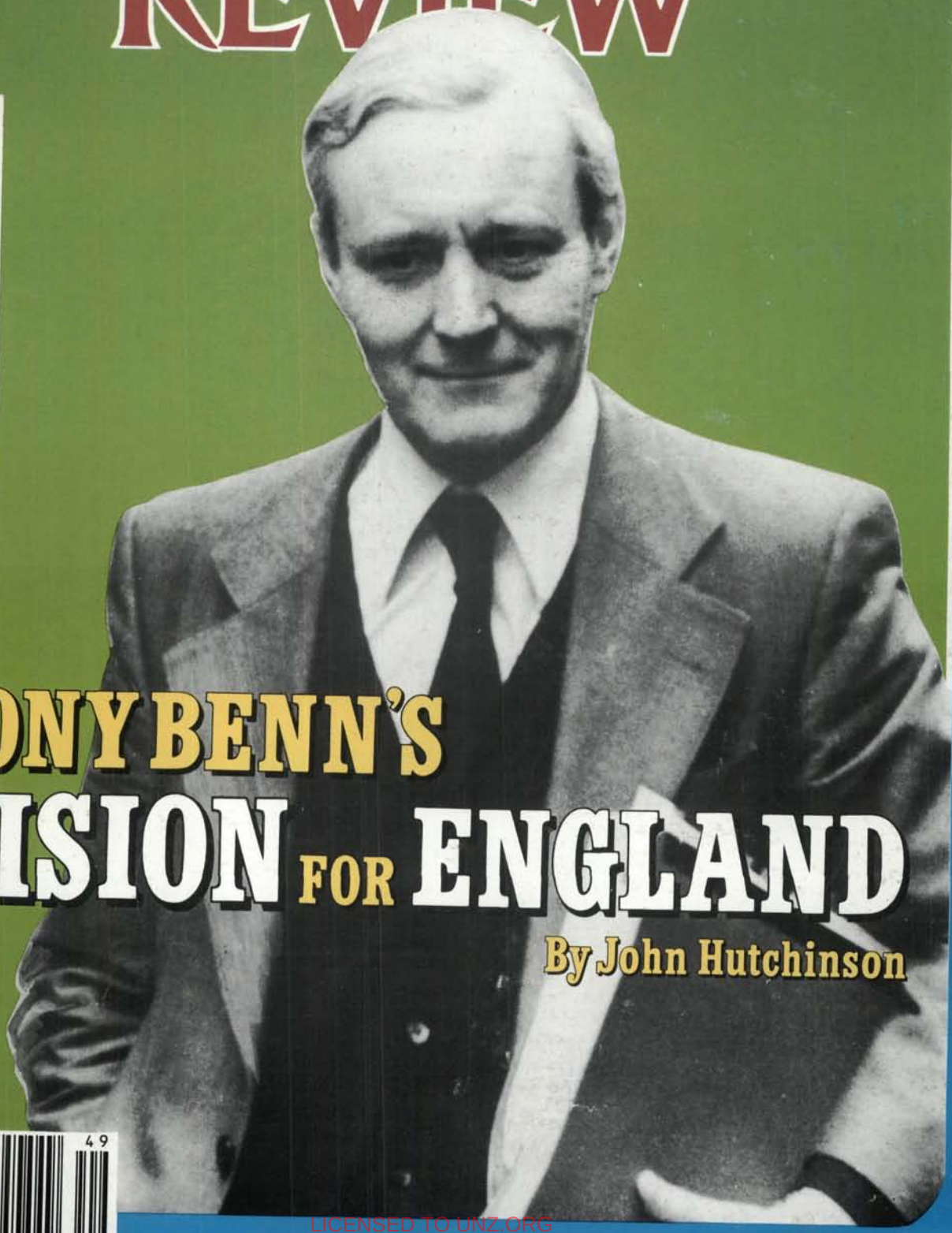
Wm. F. Buckley Jr. and Alan Reynolds on The Stockman Affair

DECEMBER 11, 1981

NATIONAL REVIEW

M SMITH020E- 025 8124 0 1 28 -

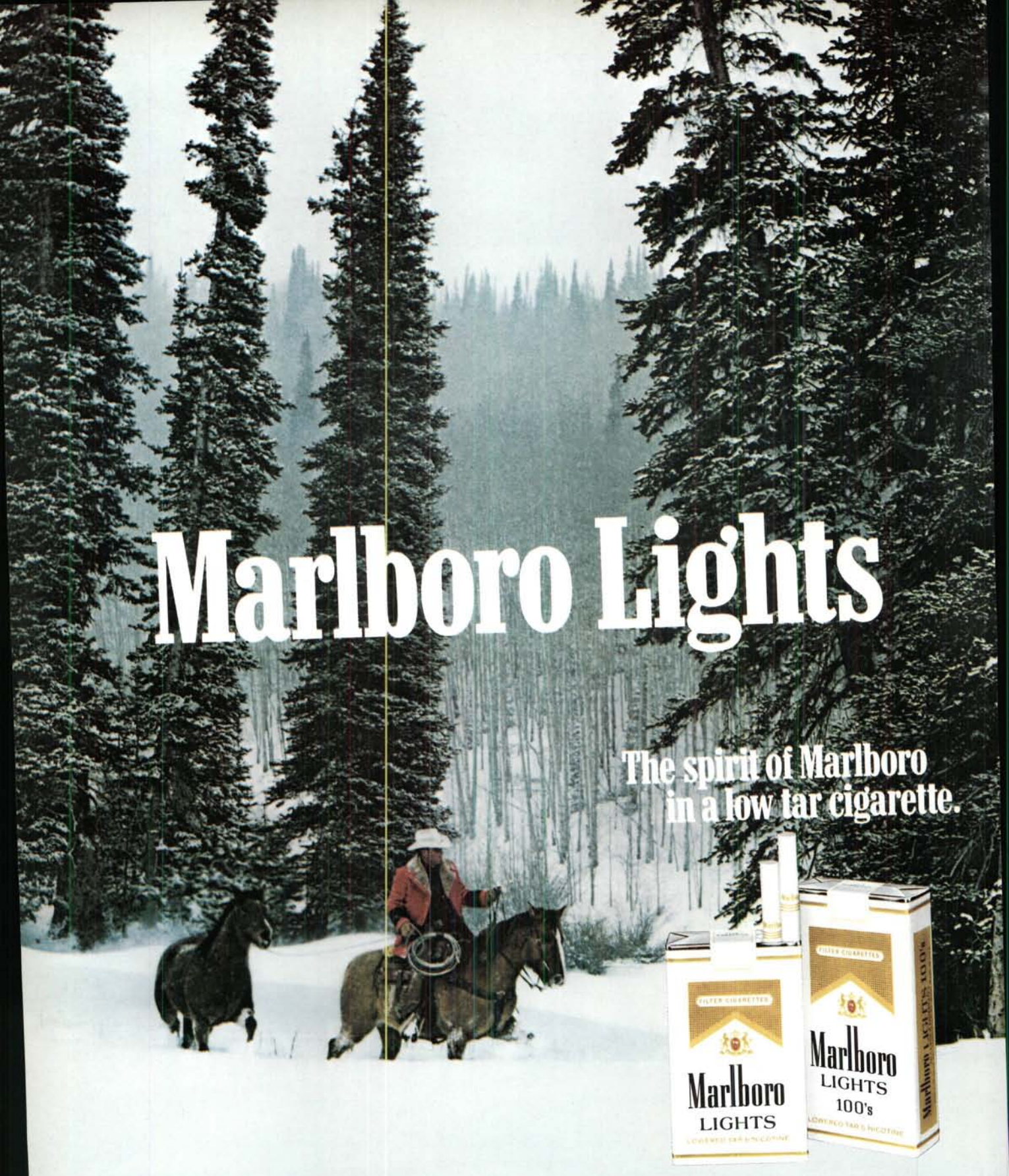
MR E ROY SMITH
20 BELLE AIR RD
COLORADO SPGS CO 80906



TONY BENN'S VISION FOR ENGLAND

By John Hutchinson

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

11 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar.'81

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NATIONAL REVIEW

DECEMBER 11, 1981
VOL. XXXIII, NO. 25
ISSN: 0028-0038

REYNOLDS
Page 1468

HUTCHINSON
Page 1470

MACKENZIE
Page 1480

ZEPEZAUER
Page 1484

MALLON
Page 1490

RAWLEY
Page 1491

Articles & Columns

1466 Remonstrance in the Oval Office
The word has come down to squabbling foreign-policy-makers, from Mr. Nice Guy himself—cut it out. *Winston*

1467 Pacifists, and Others
Is there less to the pacifist onslaught in Western Europe than meets the eye? *Brian Crozier*

1468 After Stockman
David Stockman may be the most talented budget director ever; his recent sensational revelations actually revealed nothing about his economic thinking that we haven't known for months. He was wrong then, and he's wrong now. *Alan Reynolds*

1470 Red Britain in 1984?
Unemployment is sky-high, the economy is hostage to ungovernable unions, and the chief opposition party is hostage to the totalitarian Left. We will spare you jokes about the date by which Britain must hold its next general election. It's no joking matter. *John Hutchinson*

1480 Democratic Comeback
Yes, Virginia, there are wolves in sheep's clothing; you just elected one governor. *Ross Mackenzie*

1484 Secular Infallibility
Pastor Aeternus enounced the infallibility of the Pope. *Roe* v. *Wade*, a century later, announced the infallibility of everybody. *Frank Zepezauer*

1486 A Nation in Flux
Greece threatens to swerve off onto a new political path. So what else is new?
Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn

1488 The Snoop Report
The United Methodist Church and the United Church of Christ commissioned a secret investigation into an organization of laity and clergy which they darkly accuse of being—brace yourself—"anti-Soviet." *Michael Novak*

Books Arts & Manners

1490 Diana Trilling has examined the strange tale of Jean Harris and the Scarsdale diet doctor. **Thomas Mallon** finds the sociologizing indigestible. . . . Anne Sexton's poems, always gloomy, became increasingly humorless as she embraced feminism and headed toward suicide, but **James M. Rawley** finds her *Complete Poems* a worthy volume all the same. . . . **D. Keith Mano** hails a book co-authored by Richard Brautigan, *Life* magazine, and others, here disguised as parodist Garrison Keillor. . . . Poor Dashiell Hammett; even Lillian Hellman wasn't the worst of it. **Jeffrey Meyers** reviews Richard Layman's biography. . . . Albert Goldman makes some good points in *Elvis*, though **Joseph Sobran** wishes he'd cleared his mind of Kant. . . . **Ruth Berenson** surveys the season's art books. . . . **John Simon** reports on a film about D. H. Lawrence, another by Neil Simon. . . . **Ralph de Toledano** savors the glories of Louis Armstrong and Friends preserved on Smithsonian discs.

Letters 1450
For the Record 1455
The Week 1456
help! 1482
Dark Horses 1502
A Word Edgewise 1506
On the Right 1508
Trans-O-Gram 1510

Cover design by Colleen Lawlor; photo from Wide World

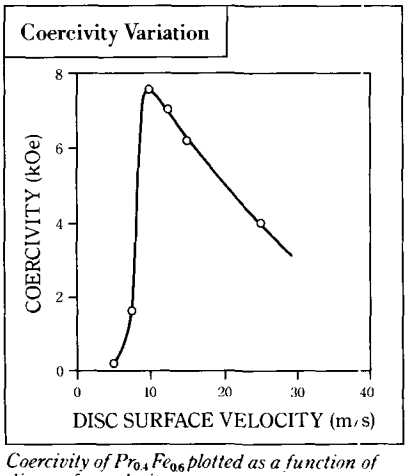
NATIONAL REVIEW is published bi-weekly by National Review, Inc., at 150 E. 35th St., N.Y., N.Y. 10016. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and additional mailing offices. © National Review, Inc., 1981. Address all editorial mail, manuscripts, letters to the editors, etc. to Editorial Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th St., New York, N.Y. 10016. Address all subscription mail orders, changes of address, undeliverable copies, etc., to Circulation Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th St., New York, N.Y. 10016. Adjustment requests should be accompanied by a current mailing label or facsimile.

RATES: $24.00 a year (26 issues). Add $2.00 for Canada, $4.00 for other foreign subscriptions, per year. (All payments in U.S. currency.) The editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless return postage or, better, a stamped self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Opinions expressed in signed articles do not necessarily represent the views of the editors.

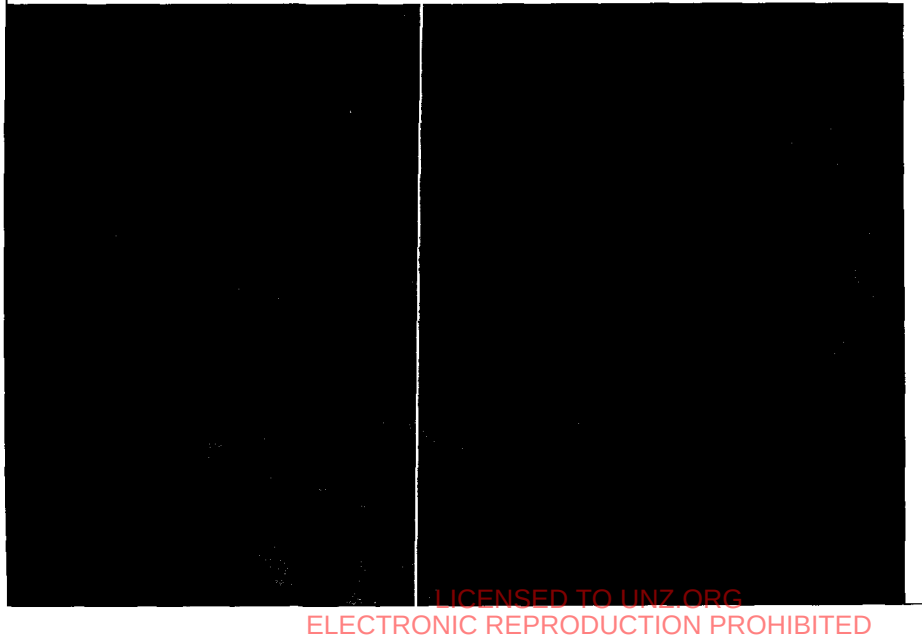
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Critical Interval

There has long been a need in the industrial world for low-cost, high-performance permanent magnets. Recent discoveries at the General Motors Research Laboratories show promise of meeting this challenge by the application of new preparation techniques to new materials.



Coercivity of $Pr_{0.4}Fe_{0.6}$ plotted as a function of disc surface velocity.



Color-enhanced transmission electron micrograph of melt-spun $Nd_{0.4}Fe_{0.6}$ having 7.5 kOe coercivity.

TWO properties characterize desirable permanent magnets: large coercivity (magnetic hardness or resistance to demagnetization) and high remanence (magnetic strength). Higher-performance magnets are required to reduce further the size and weight of a wide variety of electrical devices, including d.c. motors. Such magnets are available, but the cost of the materials necessary to produce them severely limits their use. The research challenge is to select, synthesize, and magnetically harden economically attractive materials of comparable quality.

Prominent among alternative materials candidates are alloys composed of iron and the abundant light rare earths (lanthanum, cerium, praseodymium, neodymium). Investigations conducted by Drs. John Croat and Jan Herbst at the General Motors Research Laboratories have led to the discovery of a method for magnetically hardening these alloys. By means of a rapid-quench technique, the researchers have achieved coercivities in Pr-Fe and Nd-Fe that are the largest ever reported for any rare earth-iron material.

Drs. Croat and Herbst selected praseodymium-iron and neodymium-iron based upon fundamental considerations which indicate that these alloys would exhibit properties conducive to permanent magnet development. These properties include ferromagnetic alignment of the rare earth and iron magnetic moments, which would foster high remanence, and significant magnetic anisotropy, a crucial prerequisite for large coercivity.

That these materials do not form suitable crystalline compounds, an essential requirement for magnetic hardening by traditional methods, presents a major obstacle. Drs. Croat and Herbst hypothesized that a metastable phase having the necessary properties could be formed by cooling a molten alloy at a sufficiently

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rapid rate. They tested this idea by means of the melt-spinning technique, in which a molten alloy is directed onto a cold, rotating disc. The cooling rate, which can be varied by changing the surface velocity of the disc, can easily approach 100,000°C per second. The alloy emerges in the form of a ribbon.

THE researchers found that variations of the cooling rate can dramatically affect the magnetic properties of the solidified alloys. In particular, appreciable coercivity is achieved within a narrow interval of quench rate.

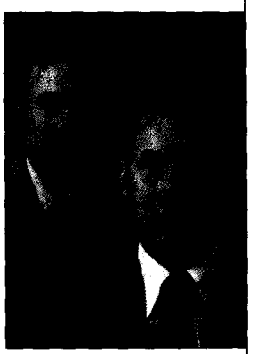
Equally remarkable, synthesis and magnetic hardening, two steps in conventional processing, can be achieved simultaneously.

"X-ray analysis and electron microscopy of the high coercivity alloys reveal an unexpected mixed microstructure," states Dr. Croat. "We observe elongated amorphous regions interspersed with a crystalline rare earth-iron compound."

Understanding the relationship between the coercivity and the microstructure is essential. The two scientists are now studying the extent to which the coercivity is controlled by the shape and composition of the amorphous and crystalline structures.

"The development of significant coercivity is an important and encouraging step," says Dr. Herbst, "but practical application of these materials requires improvement of the remanence. Greater knowledge of the physics governing both properties is the key to meeting the commercial need for permanent magnets."

THE MEN BEHIND THE WORK



Drs. Croat and Herbst are Staff Research Scientists in the Physics Department at the General Motors Research Laboratories.

Dr. Croat (right) received his Ph.D. in metallurgy from Iowa State University. His research interests include the magnetic, magneto-elastic and catalytic properties of pure rare earth metals and their alloys and compounds.

Dr. Herbst (left) received his Ph.D. in physics from Cornell University. In addition to the magnetism of rare earth materials, his research interests include the theory of photo-emission and the physics of fluctuating valence compounds.

Dr. Croat joined General Motors in 1972; Dr. Herbst, in 1977.

GM General Motors
The future of transportation is here

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NR
NATIONAL REVIEW

William F. Buckley Jr. *Editor*
William A. Rusher *Publisher*
James P. McFadden *Associate Publisher*

Editors
Richard Brookhiser / James Burnham
Jeffrey Hart / Joseph Sobran
Priscilla L. Buckley *Managing Editor*

Executive Editors
Linda Bridges *Assistant Managing Editor*
Kevin Lynch *(Articles)*
Chilton Williamson Jr.
(Books, Arts, & Manners)

Assistant Publisher
Edward A. Capano

Contributing Editors
Ruth Berenson / Brian Crozier
W. H. von Dreele / George Gilder
Nika Hazelton / James Jackson Kilpatrick
D. Keith Mano
Charles Burton Marshall / Michael Novak
Francis Russell / John Simon
Ernest van den Haag
Timothy J. Wheeler

Associates
Carol B. Learsy
Mary Schwarz / Jane Buckley Smith
Jeanne Wacker Sobran

Frances Bronson *Executive Secretary*
Dorothy McCartney *Research Director*
James W. O'Bryan *Art Director*
Colleen Lawlor *Associate Art Director*
Anna Lieber *Production Editor*
Ione Whitlock *Associate Production Editor*
Kathleen Nester *Assistant*
Robin Wu *Research Consultant*
Rose Flynn DeMaio *Treasurer*

Advertising Director
Robert F. Sennott Jr.

Circulation Manager
Robert Garvey

Contributors
Aram Bakshian Jr. / Bruce Bartlett
David Brudnoy / John Chamberlain
Samuel T. Cohen / Miles Copeland
John R. Coyne Jr. / David Évanier
M. Stanton Evans / Neal B. Freeman
Mary Gauerke / Paul A. Gigot
Victor Gold / Donald Hall
Malcolm Hancock / Norman Hannah
Henry Hazlitt / Charles R. Kesler
John Kiley / Nicholas King
Suzanne La Follette / Mary Martínez
Forrest McDonald / John McLaughlin
Thomas Molnar / Ferdinand Mount
George Nash / Gerhart Niemeyer
Joseph A. Rehyansky / Alan Reynolds
William F. Rickenbacker
Selden Rodman / Morrie Ryskind
Taki Theodoracopulos / Ralph de Toledano
S. L. Varnado / Charles Wallen Jr.
George F. Will / Edwin M. Yoder Jr.

Foreign Contributors
Anthony Lejeune *London*
Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn *Munich*
Donald Coxe *Toronto*
Nena Ossa *Santiago*
Robert S. Strother *Cuernavaca*

Letters

Primer

Harold W. Rood's ABC of the strategic position of the U.S. created by Soviet control of Cuba embarrasses by its momentous simplicity ["Cuba: Payment Deferred," Nov. 27]. If the U.S. wished to defend Western Europe, Japan, or the Middle East from Soviet-inspired coercion or invasion, it would have to destroy the power bases of the Soviet bloc in the Western Hemisphere first; or risk its ability to protect itself, as well as the raw materials vital to its industry, especially in wartime, that must be shipped through the waters off Cuba. As Mr. Rood explains, quelling Cuba's military would be no easy matter. Cuba's air defenses, for example, are better than the United States' or Canada's. It would be more difficult to invade Cuba now than it was to invade Okinawa in 1945. Is this check, or checkmate?

Joseph Akin
Teaneck, N.J.

Bracing Praise

I seldom write letters to editors, especially not to those of a publication which honors me by printing my contributions from time to time. But I am compelled to write this letter about two items in *NR*'s November 13 issue.

Mr. John Reidy's "A Modest Proposal" is, to this historian, the *most* imaginative, and perhaps the *most* thoughtful, suggestion he has read about the Northern Ireland problem in all these years.

Second in order, but not in importance, is Richard Brookhiser's essay about the Trilateral Commission ["The Grey/Lurid World of the Trilateral Commission"]. In a calm and judicious manner, Brookhiser showed up the ignorance of those people who cannot tell a dreary assembly of mumblers from members of a supreme international conspiracy. Then Brookhiser discussed the "work" of that dreary assembly. This double debunking had none of the dishonest trickeries of exposé journalism. It was a first-rate contribution by an intelligent, independent, non-ideological mind. Brookhiser's spirited description of Professor Brzezinski's world-ideological prose as being composed (or, rather, decomposed) of swamp gas was indeed a breath of fresh air.

Swamp gas: it is the *mot juste*. Brzezinski has no monopoly on it, nor David of the Rockefellers. Recall Kissinger's lunch with Nelson in the latter's suite atop the Museum of Primitive Art (swamp gas again). The call comes from Richard Nixon, and Kissinger is ready for the new age, when professors of International Relations explain the world to Presidents of the United States. And now we have the Honorable Mr. Weinberger, who said a few months ago that the Russians may conquer Poland by osmosis . . . Would that Richard Brookhiser might write a book on International Relations. The title is at hand. *Swamp Gas.*

John Lukacs
Phoenixville, Pa.

Congratulations on Richard Brookhiser's sane and subtle article on the Trilateral Commission. He managed to sidestep all the common pitfalls of conspiracy-debunking articles: he doesn't respond with hysteria to the hysteria of the crazies; he doesn't embrace David Rockefeller & Friends on the rebound from the crazies; and, blessedly, he doesn't bore.

The final section of the article made the important point: what we should be worrying about, rather than Wall Street conspiracies and Rockefeller Plaza power-plays, is the orthodoxy common to many prominent businessmen, academics, and bureaucrats, which assumes that all problems may be planned away.

Ellen Wilson
Riverdale, N.Y.

Namibia

John Hutchinson's proposal for a coalition in Namibia including SWAPO ["Namibia: A New Game Plan?" Sept. 4] should evoke cries of delight in the Kremlin. Hutchinson has fallen for the United Front strategy propounded by Georgi Dimitrov at the 1935 congress of the Comintern. Adopting a moderate posture, the Communists enter a United Front government, embracing Social Democrats and the bourgeoisie. Having infiltrated, they maneuver to increase their power until the time comes for a "second-stage coup" (Hungary in 1947, Czechoslovakia in 1948)—at which time their moderate and liberal partners are thrown out on their ears. With adequate coaching from Soviet advisors, Sam Nujoma should be able to manage this strategy.

It is wholly illusory to expect the external SWAPO, headed by Nujoma, to become politically housebroken the moment it joins a coalition. While some members of the internal SWAPO and the dissident SWAPO-D may be won to democratic methods, the only thing Nujoma has going for him is terror—which he doubtless would continue from an internal base, especially if SWAPO got the police ministry.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

America's energy future doesn't depend on miracles. Just smart choices.

By making the right choices in five critical areas, America can significantly reduce oil imports by 1990.

The choices to be made allow for more energy from federal lands, a more careful balance between the environment and domestic energy development, reasonable growth in nuclear power, increased reliance on the market system, and encouragement—rather than preemption—of private development of a commercial synthetic fuels industry.

If America makes common sense decisions on these issues, our country will be in better control of its energy future. And the energy needed to keep America growing will be available in the year 2000 and beyond.

AMOCO

You expect more from a leader.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A POWERFUL BURGLARY DETERRENT!

Protect your family; have peace of mind. 2¼" x 3½" self-adhesive, quality vinyl decals for windows, doors, etc. give warning that your premises are protected by highly technical alarm devices. Professional appearance. 3-color. High visual impact. If you already have a burglar alarm, these decals will emphasize that fact. These are the exact same decals used with our alarm systems. Nationally applicable. 8 decals for $10.00. First Class Postpaid. Immediate refund if not satisfied. "The best way to protect yourself from burglars, or worse, is to keep them away from your home in the first place!"

THE LAKELAND WORKS
P.O. BOX 230-X
POMPTON LAKES, N.J. 07442

(We are registered at Passaic County, N.J. Clerk's Office.)

© THE LAKELAND WORKS 1981

★★★The men★★★ behind the men who want to be ★★President★★

"Engrossing" was the way *Publishers Weekly* described this behind-the-scenes look at the powerful men who orchestrate America's political campaigns. Here are Joe Napolitan, who molded the Kennedy charisma... Matt Reese, who helped LBJ become helmsman of the "Great Society"... Stuart Spencer, who masterminded the Reagan and Ford campaigns... and other political showmen—the people who may really be running U.S. politics.

The New Kingmakers

by

★★David Chagall★★

$14.95 HBJ

HARCOURT BRACE JOVANOVICH

757 Third Avenue, New York 10017

Constitutional democracy cannot be nurtured without law and order, which the South Africans are providing fairly well. The multi-national force Hutchinson proposes would be an administrative and linguistic nightmare. It would not inspire confidence among the peoples of Namibia, who would consider the withdrawal of South African forces as de-facto abandonment.

A point Hutchinson fails to consider is the multi-ethnic population of Namibia, which contains 12 distinct national groups, each with its own language and culture. Simple majority rule would not guarantee democracy or human rights. With 46.2 per cent of the population, the Ovambo would control any centralized state, and everyone else would become a second-class citizen. Although SWAPO preaches a "Namibian" nationalism, it is largely an Ovambo organization, hated by most of the Damara, Okavango, and Herero. The only system that would afford each group self-rule is a decentralized federalism such as Namibian leaders have already developed at the Turnhalle—which would be in effect now were it not for U.S. and UN interference.

As for Hutchinson's notion that removing the fear of a South African invasion would bring about the withdrawal of the Cubans, East Germans, and Russians from Angola, that is absurd. They are there not only to train SWAPO terrorists but to keep the Marxist Luanda government in power. Without non-African Communist troops the Marxist regime would collapse in the face of Savimbi's popular UNITA, which already controls much of the countryside. The only available tool to get these Communists out of Angola is economic pressure on Moscow and Havana.

Kurt Glaser
Fulbright Professor, Political Science
Tamkang University
Taipei, Taiwan

Conservative Dialogue

I am pleased by the inclusion of the columns of Mr. John P. Roche ["A Word Edgewise"] in *NR*. They add greatly to the variety of expression—while maintaining a certain consistency of viewpoint—of the publication as a whole. It is this very variety of conservative thought that I wish to address.

In reading "The Portland Declaration" [Oct. 16], and the commentary which followed, I was surprised that no one mentioned the disparity (assuming the article was a declaration of conservative ideology) between that piece and the brand of conservatism referred to as libertarian.

Sometime in the future, I hope your publication will invite an authority on the libertarian philosophy to contribute something akin to the Portland Declaration. I would hope that such an article would

Close your eyes. Now have someone read this to you.

You are blind. A student. Facing four years of college. With about thirty-two textbooks to read. Plus fifty supplemental texts. How are you going to manage?

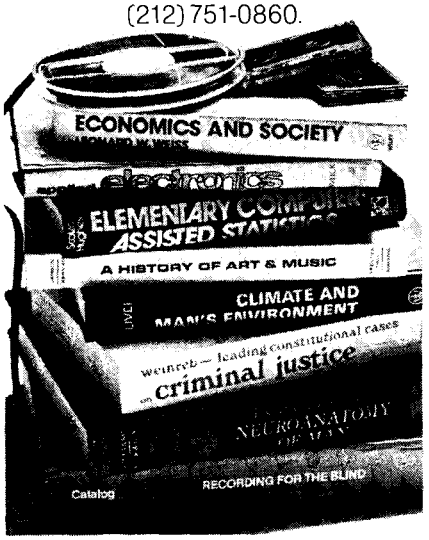
With Recording for the Blind. Since 1951, we've helped over 53,000 blind, perceptually and physically handicapped students get through school. By sending them recordings of the books they need to read. Free.

Recording for the Blind is non-profit, and supported by volunteers and contributions from people like you who can imagine what it's like to be blind.

Your tax-deductible donation will help our students meet their educational goals. We'd all be grateful.

If you want to know more about us, write:

Recording for the Blind, Inc.,
an educational lifeline.
Station E, 215 East 58th Street,
New York, New York 10022
(212) 751-0860.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

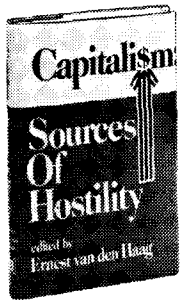
3 Books for 89¢

For years, our nation has been drifting further and further from the original concept of a free market economy. Finally, the American people realize this is the road to ruin. We are fed up with government meddling, deficit spending, high taxes and spiraling inflation.

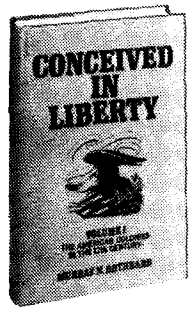
The Conservative Book Club has been offering answers to the failures of our government for 16 years. Conservatives and libertarians are joining us and expanding their knowledge of the free enterprise economy with such books as:

- Ludwig von Mises's hard-to-get works: THEORY AND HISTORY, BUREAUCRACY, OMNIPOTENT GOVERNMENT
- The classics of Henry Hazlitt
- Milton Friedman on the absolute workability of free markets
- William Simon on the primacy of freedom
- Murray Rothbard's iconoclastic history of America's beginnings
- George Gilder's brilliant defense of supply-side economics
- Ernest van den Haag's assessment of the irrational origins of hostility to Capitalism

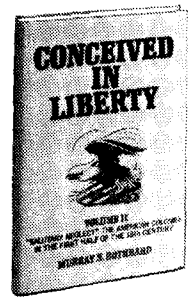
Join The Conservative Book Club and have access to these outstanding volumes not readily available in bookstores. Plus hundreds more including books on politics, economics, history and personal finance. Join now and get any three of the classics pictured below at the outrageously low price of 89¢.



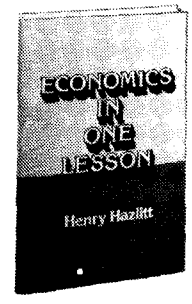
2060. Pub. price $9.95.



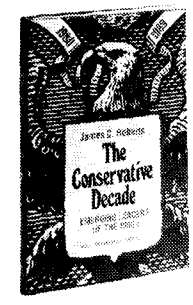
358. Pub. price $15.00.



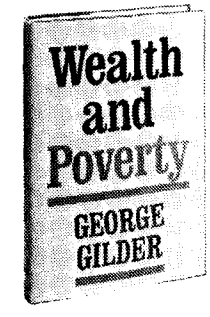
458. Pub. price $12.95.



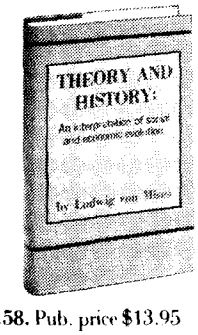
2006. Pub. price $9.95



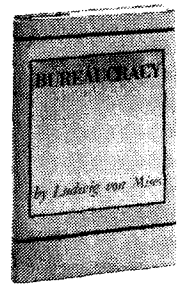
2138. Pub. price $14.95.



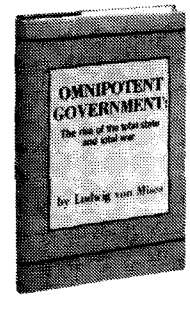
2201. Pub. price $16.95.



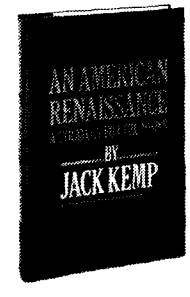
158. Pub. price $13.95



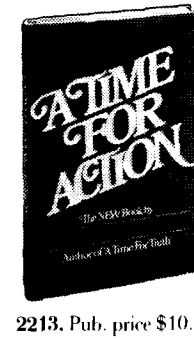
160. Pub. price $8.95.



162. Pub. price $12.00.



2038. Pub. price $8.95.



2213. Pub. price $10.00.

2229. Pub. price $12.95.

The Conservative Book Club

P.O. Box 10655, Des Moines, Iowa 50336

3 Books for 89¢

(A value of up to $46.90)

As a Conservative Book Club Member:

★ You'll have access to many outstanding books not readily available in bookstores. ★ You'll receive 15 Conservative Book Club Bulletins per year, filled with news of interest and current Club offerings. ★ YOUR ONLY OBLIGATION is to buy 3 books over the next year, first-quality publishers' editions normally at 20% to 50% off publishers' prices. ★ If you wish to order the Main Selection, do nothing. It will be sent automatically. If you want one or more Alternate books — or no book at all — indicate that on the reply card and return it by the date specified. ★ If you receive a Selection without having 10 days to exercise your option, you may return it at Club expense.

The Conservative Book Club, P.O. Box 10655, Des Moines, Iowa 50336

☐ Please send the 3 books I've indicated below and enroll me in the Conservative Book Club. Bill me just 89¢ plus postage and handling. I agree to buy 3 additional books over the next year at regular club prices. A postage and handling charge is added to each shipment.

Indicate by number the 3 books you want: ☐ ☐ ☐

Name **B37**

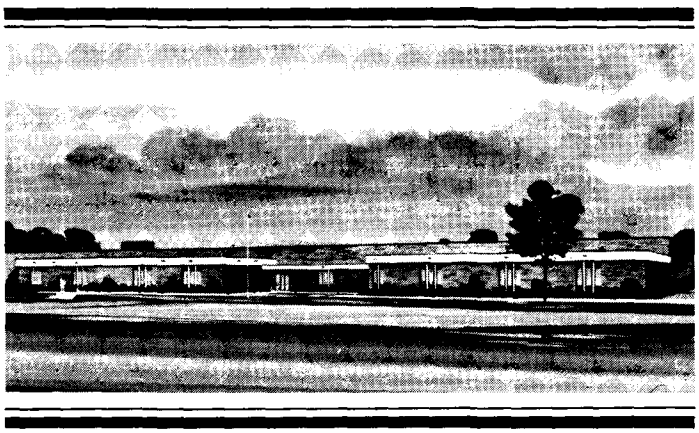
Street

City State Zip

Prices somewhat higher in Canada and abroad.

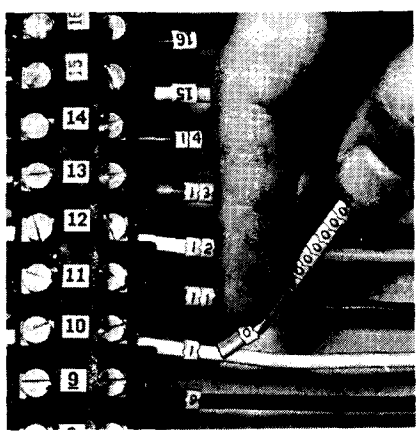
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Freedom to grow, Brady style



Despite the erosion of our dollar overseas and a wide range of economic problems at home, we at Brady take the long view with cautious optimism. Our growing international operations now include Australia, Belgium, Canada, England, France, Sweden and West Germany. Here at home, we have recently completed a new manufacturing plant at Merrimack, New Hampshire. Construction of our new technical center in Milwaukee (above) is under way.

These marketing, manufacturing and research activities go hand in hand with growing product lines in all of our divisions. The demands of our customers and our own research create new Brady products designed to help make information clearer, work safer, products more attractive, work more productive.



Brady clip-sleeve wire markers can be applied to wires and cables before or after termination for permanent identification of electrical circuits. Just one of many innovative Brady products for industry. Our informative new corporate brochure will tell you more about Brady and its products. Perhaps you'll see a place to put Brady to work in your company. Write for a copy today.

WBC-10

BRADY

ADHESIVE AND GRAPHICS CHEMISTRY

W. H. BRADY CO.
727 W. Glendale Avenue
P. O. Box 571, Milwaukee, WI 53201

generate as great an interest and response as its predecessor, and that the results of this entire series would be a conservative consensus that will withstand the trials of the coming decades.

Edward A. Orlando Jr.
Flushing, N.Y.

Air-Traffic Controllers

It was with much sympathy and understanding that I read out-of-work air-traffic controller Daniel F. Parrillo's letter ["Letters," Nov. 13] explaining his reasons for striking and his "valid grievances." I also feel deeply for his three children, "who will not see a happy Christmas."

The fact remains, however, that Mr. Parrillo, with all his honest intentions, knew that he was breaking a contract with the U.S. Government and helping his union to disregard national interests, the law, our President, and our Congress, and to undermine the institutions that are the foundation of our country.

As much as I favor the Administration's handling of the situation, however, I believe that the time has come for our country to show its heart, no longer its fist. We are not a nation characterized by rigidity nor a people that carries a grudge for too long. Most of the air-traffic controllers should be forgiven and returned to their jobs—*without* any increase in salary or benefits, and *without* a decrease in working hours for at least one year, as punishment for their unlawful action.

This should give everybody a happy Christmas—the air controllers, the airlines, the government, the public, and especially Mr. Parrillo's three children.

Monroe Rubinger
Beverly Hills, Calif.

The Emmy Awards

Jane Hall's critique of the Emmy Awards ["One-Way Mirror," Oct. 30] somehow overlooked the biggest outrage of the entire evening: the awards heaped on the atrocious *Hill Street Blues*. This "landmark" show features stereotyped characters, soap-opera plots, and rampant misogyny. It presents the cop as Doctor Kildare, out to save the world, as he delivers homilies about the futility of life.

Earlier this year at the Oscars, we were told that the stolid *Ordinary People*, which resurrected Philip Wylie's ice mom to explain the breakdown of the nuclear family, was the best that the film industry had to offer. Now, we are informed that *Hill Street Blues*, a show that combines the worst qualities of Stanley Kramer's message pictures and Ross Hunter's schlock tearjerkers, is the best that television has ever offered. Instead of honoring artistic excellence, these award shows seem to have become seals of approval for the mediocrity of hacks.

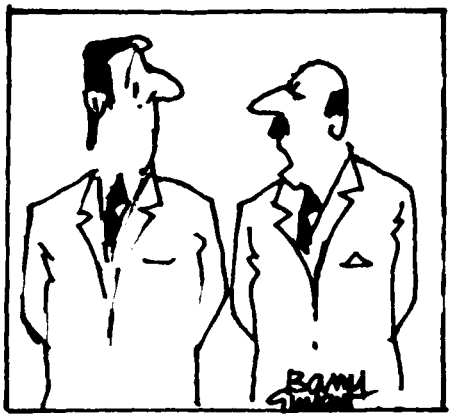
Dan O'Neill
Los Angeles, Calif.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOR THE RECORD

■ **Brezhnev**'s reaction to President **Reagan**'s nuclear missile proposal was predictable, a big, fat "nyet," but what wasn't was other Iron Curtain reaction. Rumania's **Nicolae Ceausescu** says the Reagan plan for a mutual ban on European-based medium-range missiles deserves consideration. In East Germany five (of the eight) **Lutheran** synods have called for stop to increased militarization of East Germany (Lutherans are particularly upset by training of 11-year-olds to use hand grenades). . . . Other anti-Soviet rumblings in Eastern Europe: The **Finns** have refused to nominate Moscow's candidate for President. . . . In **Estonia**, nationalists have called a half-hour work stoppage on the first day of every month to protest food shortages and political persecution. . . . In Western Europe, reaction to Reagan's initiative was generally favorable. Even **Michael Foot**, leader of the British Labor Party and longtime campaigner for nuclear disarmament, said Reagan plan improves the chances for success of the Geneva arms talks, soon to start. . . . But **Bruce Kent** of the British Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament (CND) was unconvinced. "A propaganda trick," he called it. "The CND," he said, "will answer them [Reagan's proposals] by redoubling our efforts aimed at achieving genuine nuclear disarmament," i.e., U.S. disarmament. Kent, a Roman Catholic priest, says churches are hampered by "profound anti-Communist feelings." *Daily Telegraph* claims a quarter of the CND council are CP members.

■ Despite wave of anti-nuclear propeace protests in Europe, sentiment there is not uniformly pacifist and anti-American. Latest **Allensbach Institute** poll in West Germany shows that 80 per cent of West Germans want to stay in NATO; 50 per cent approve of



Gurbutt Rothco

"Did you vote for Mr. Benn or for democracy?"

NATO nuclear deployments (as against 23 per cent who don't); 56 per cent like Americans (only 6 per cent don't). . . . In Dodewaard, Holland recently, a would-be demonstration against a local **nuclear power station** was called off when angry local residents threatened to flatten the demonstrators' tent city with bulldozers. . . . Although **François Mitterrand**'s government has canceled a number of projected nuclear plants, France is now getting 43.9 per cent of her electricity from nuclear plants (as against 12 per cent for U.S.). . . . All in all, however, the anti-nukers seem to be getting the best of it. **Arne Sigvard Eklund**, Director General of the International Atomic Energy Agency, says scientists had believed 50 per cent of world's electricity would be generated by nuclear power by the year 2000. Now their figure is down to 25 per cent as a result of "unfounded fears."

■ Good guys, bad guys: Dr. **Everett Koop**, the anti-abortion pediatrician, finally won confirmation to the post of Surgeon General, over the impassioned opposition of **Edward Kennedy**, who said on the floor of the Senate that Koop had "cruel, outdated, and patronizing stereotypes" of women, meaning he doesn't think they should abort babies. . . . The **Committee on the Present Danger**, formed five years ago to counter Carter's strategic slowdown, has 182 members, 32 of whom are now members of the Reagan Administration; among them, **Jeane Kirkpatrick**, **Paul Nitze**, **James Buckley**, **Eugene Rostow**, **Max Kampelman**, **William Casey**, **RR**. . . . In Tuscaloosa, Ala. (14 Wesley Place), a frisky group has organized **Psychologists for the Advancement of Conservative Thought** (PACT) which will hold its first convention in a state which has *not* ratified ERA. It is open to a) psychologists or b) anyone who has ever read a book on psychology. (T-shirts for sale.) . . . The *Libertarian Review* is going out of business after seven years; its subscribers will receive *Inquiry*, another libertarian magazine, also connected with the **Cato Foundation**, to fill out their subscription period. . . . On the left, look for a new politicized Screen Actors Guild now that **Ed** (Lou Grant) **Asner** has been elected president. Asner supports the rebels in El Salvador and the Sandinistas in Nicaragua, and opposes the U.S. arms buildup. Asner hopes to effect merger with television and radio's **AFTRA**, which would enable him, by a strike, to shut down entire movie and TV industry. . . . Going up in Washington, an IPS plaque to assassinated **Allende** aide **Orlando Letelier**.

■ Uhuru! **Burga** and **Owalla**, who received their professional training as circus performers in the U.S., were placed under house arrest in Kenya when it was found they were originally from South Africa. Their work permits were withdrawn and they were given 11 days to leave the country. Burga and Owalla are elephants.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE WEEK

■ Karpov beat Korchnoi, the Soviet media went wild, and in the frenzy of the moment Leonid Brezhnev said the victor had displayed "genuinely Soviet character." Most experts, however, felt Karpov had won honestly.

■ Remember when critics of the Reagan budget said that it would be dangerously inflationary? Not only was its fiscal policy way too stimulative, they said, but there was an awful boost in defense spending, and a dollar spent on defense was ever so much more inflationary than a dollar spent on anything else. Well, that line of analysis has just been roundly rejected by none other than Alice Rivlin, the prominent liberal economist who heads the Congressional Budget Office. Testifying before the Joint Economic Committee, Mrs. Rivlin explained why her office expects inflation to drop year by year under Reagan budgets: the increase in defense spending will not be inflationary; it will not cause bottlenecks in industrial production, there being plenty of slack in the system; and, "by our calculations, the overall fiscal policy proposed by the Administration is not extremely expansionary."

■ While liberals are deriding the idea that the private sector can assume social responsibility, a group of Philadelphia businessmen has launched a drive to raise $77 million for the city's Catholic schools. The group includes Jews and Protestants who value the Catholic school system for the quality of education it provides. William S. Fishman, chairman of the fund-raising committee of Business Leadership Organized for Catholic Schools, says he has found only enthusiasm among his fellow Jews. His own food-service company, he adds, is "a very large employer, with about four thousand people in the Philadelphia market. A lot of them are graduates of Catholic schools. We find them better prepared to work their way up in the business world."

■ Last month's sharp rise in joblessness, to 8 per cent, was a bad sign by any reckoning. The trend is worldwide: in Canada, for example, the index of leading indicators just registered its sharpest drop ever. Here the outlook is complicated by the frictional unemployment that necessarily goes along with any major re-direction of economic energies. It is apparent, though, that the Reagan tax cut of October 1 was perfectly timed to offset the recessionary trend; if the cut had been 10 per cent, as Reagan requested, instead of 5, there would have been both a faster and a stronger recovery.

■ In Boston, voters found a resolution on the ballot reading, approximately, "Shall the City Council call upon the U.S. Congress to improve education, cut the cost of public transportation, build energy-efficient housing, and give everyone free health care, by reducing the amount of our tax dollars spent on weapons which blow up the world?" They passed it.

■ Can fetuses feel pain? Yes, argues John Noonan in *The Human Life Review*—perhaps as early as 56 days after conception, or even earlier. Noonan's argument was picked up by George Will, who wrote a stunning column mocking the "amateur embryologists" of the Supreme Court, who, having decreed that an unborn child is not officially alive, promote from their own dogma the corollary that it has no feelings. Will's column elicited from abortion advocates a few sneers, one reader opining that a fetus probably feels no more pain than a severed earthworm. So much for the party of compassion.

■ POSTSCRIPT: In rejecting most of the economic proposals on the ballot in this month's round of elections, voters did themselves more good than harm overall. Liberal Minneapolis turned down rent control. San Diego voted to fire county employees who strike. In bond issues, West Virginia refused to ante up $750 million to Jay Rockefeller's road-building kitty, and New York may or may not have approved a big prison bond issue strenuously opposed by the turn-'em-loose fringe Left (who, for tactical and rhetorical reasons, prefer the present overcrowding). Maine voted against public election of utility commissioners, disappointing fans of "economic democracy." Washington state, on the other hand, decided that future nuclear power financing and construction by public utilities must be put to a statewide vote—reflecting some anti-nuke and

Negotiating with the Russians

You dare not say, "I'll show you mine
If you will show me yours,"
Since they'll reply, what's yours is theirs,
Just like Louis Quatorze.
As for what's theirs to start with, it's
A subject that's taboo,
Which leaves you showing yours until
What's yours starts turning blue.

W. H. VON DREELE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

some anti-spending sentiment. The citizens of the same state, in a stunning victory for the tax revolt and good sense in general, voted to abolish the state inheritance tax. As Senator McGovern found out to his surprise, most people find it laudable, not anti-social, to want to provide for one's descendants as well as possible.

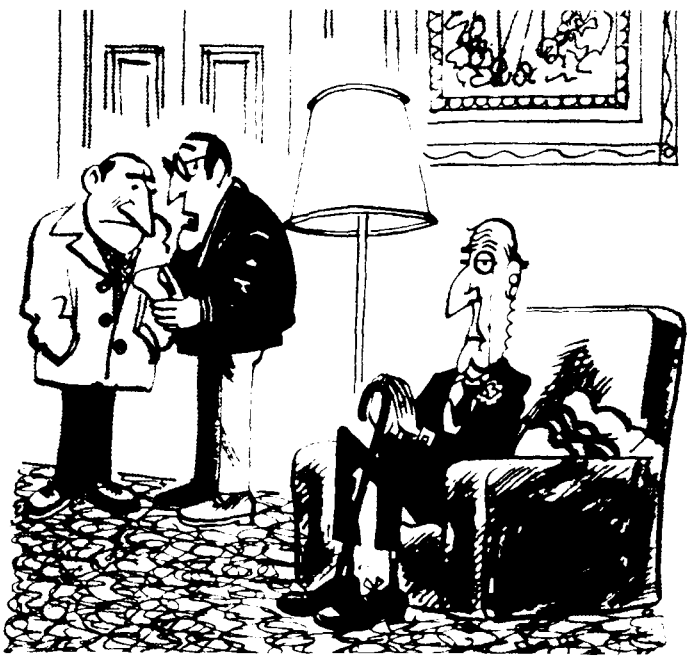
■ The Senate has voted to endorse voluntary prayer in public schools, sort of. Actually it merely voted to prevent the Justice Department from using federal funds as a tool to *forbid* voluntary prayer. This won't have much practical effect in itself, but it does register the overwhelming sentiment of the Senate and serves notice to any federal judge who may be listening that 1981 isn't 1962. Lowell Weicker immediately announced that he would filibuster against any further legislation for prayer, leading observers to wonder how you tell when he is filibustering and when he isn't.

■ The Synod of Bishops of the Russian Orthodox Church Outside Russia—the Russian Orthodox Church in exile—has canonized thousands of martyrs who were killed by the Communists. The church has over thirty thousand names, collected at great risk and smuggled out of the Soviet Union, and eyewitness accounts of many killings, tortures, desecrations. One bishop was shot in the mouth, his tormentors crying out: "Now we'll give you communion!" The *New York Times*, which specializes in human rights and sensitivity to the concerns of minorities, glancingly reported the canonizations, gave no details of the martyrdoms, and described the believers as "stridently anti-Communist."

■ "A camp for three thousand children and youths in Oryol, 350 kilometers south of Moscow, can be reached by taking the trolley bus No. 3 to the stop marked 'Khimshchistka.'" This is one entry from *The First Guidebook to the USSR: To Prisons and Concentration Camps of the Soviet Union*, published by Stephanus Edition in Switzerland. This "camp" is for "wayward" children, and for the children of practicing Jews and Christians, and dissidents. The instructions on how to get there are accompanied by photographs and eyewitness accounts of the beatings, homosexual rapes, and duties in places such as iron foundries to which the children are subjected. For adults, there are places like this one: "On Rakuskan Bay, located southwest of Vladivostok, there is another death camp in which prisoners are assigned to clean the nozzles of atomic-powered submarines." The guidebook also has pictures of an isolation cell in the KGB prison in Moscow, perhaps the first to reach the West; women sawing down trees in a logging camp in Siberia; and much, much more. To obtain a copy, write to P.O. Box 11, Glendale, Calif. 91209.

■ The practical thrust of Prime Minister Andreas Papandreou's intentions as announced to the Greek parliament—now Socialist-dominated for the first time ever—is definitely favorable to Moscow. Severance from the NATO military structure—renewing a boycott in effect from 1974 to 1980—counts only symbolically. The design for early closure of U.S. bases (telecommunication installations, an airfield, and naval facilities) is substantially important. The effects will be to weaken NATO's southern flank, to complicate problems of supply to Turkey in the hypothetical event of hostilities, and to impinge on access to Yugoslavia in case of critical developments there. Professing pique over lack of support for Greece in her grudges against Turkey, Papandreou proposes to deemphasize his country's European connections; whether to continue in the European Common Market will be put to an early popular referendum. The stress will henceforth be on catering to Arab countries—meaning not Egypt or Saudi Arabia but, implicitly, Libya, Syria, and their like. In keeping with that aim, Papandreou proposes supervision of the U.S. base activities to prevent their use to aid U.S. purposes in the Middle East during the interval until closure is negotiated. Why Papandreou's announced aims stop short of formal denunciation of the North Atlantic Alliance is an unanswered question.

■ Welcome home, *Columbia*, and well done. But



Waite, *London Daily Mirror* Rothco

"Remembers working for British Intelligence, but can't remember who *they* worked for."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

At their annual meeting here in Washington in late November, the National Conference of Catholic Bishops (NCCB) delivered itself of a resolution calling for a cut-off of military aid to El Salvador, and urging instead a "broad-based political solution." Informed insiders here understand this phrase to be a code term signifying "negotiations with guerrillas," followed by elections. And by "negotiations" read, strictly, "negotiations," i.e., not a dialogue on procedural matters as a prelude to elections, but actual discussions and agreements on how the guerrillas would enter the government prior to elections, take over positions of responsibility and power, and integrate themselves into the Salvadoran armed forces.

As you may have guessed, the U.S. NCCB position is not at all the Salvadoran NCCB position. Rather, the five bishops of the Salvadoran NCCB believe that military aid to the incumbent regime should not be cut off unless military aid to the guerrillas is concomitantly cut off. And, along with President Duarte, the Salvadoran Catholic bishops are calling for elections next year.

So once again, in the early Eighties, we are faced with the spectacle of the U.S. Roman Catholic hierarchy repeating its lessons in public—lessons that we thought it had learned in public at least once before, in the early Seventies, when it declared U.S. involvement in the Vietnam War to be "immoral," whereupon the South Vietnamese National Conference of Catholic Bishops denounced that utterance, and called our efforts honorable, self-sacrificing, moral.

So earnest is the Salvadoran NCCB in its conviction on this matter that it dispatched two of its members to make its position known to the U.S. Catholic bishops at their Washington meeting before they voted on the resolution. Lamentably (but predictably) the two emissaries, General Secretary Monsignor Freddy Delgado and Vice President Bishop Pedro Aparicio, were frozen out, which has led some Washington cynics to observe—especially after the *Washington Post* detailed essentials of the matter in a stunning and totally unpredicted lead editorial—that civil politics is like the frolic of novice nuns when compared to the hardball of ecclesiastical politics.

Bishop Aparicio and Monsignor Delgado were accorded no place on the conference agenda to convey the official views of their peers, all the more troubling since the Bishop's hometown, San Vicente, is in the very thick of the fighting, allowing him to speak with special information and authority. Indeed, had it not been for the good offices of the Apostolic Delegate, it is reported, the two churchmen would have been denied even a private meeting with a ranking officer of the conference board. Invitations to chat at a hospitality suite with the Salvadoran churchmen were sent to all three-hundred-odd U.S. bishops, but the effort yielded precisely three takers, all Hispanics.

If a well of openmindedness toward the Salvadorans ever existed, it was effectively poisoned, it appears, by the stratagems of two archbishops. One of them, from the West Coast, has still not recovered from the wounds inflicted on his vanity by certain of his Salvadoran faithful, who publicly called him a Marxist. The same Salvadorans later, unbeknownst to Bishop Aparicio, co-sponsored him on one of his lecture trips to the offended archbishop's diocese. The second denigrating archbishop passed the word in an executive session of the NCCB board that Bishop Aparicio was not to be taken seriously because he lacked balance and, by implication, was not totally *compos mentis*, a petty falsehood that was made known to Bishop Aparicio himself by a sympathetic fellow bishop. These ecclesiastical libs play for keeps—eh?

Such is the conversational flotsam now surfacing on the city's holiday cocktail circuits, the result of being high-profiled by a lead editorial in the capital's only newspaper, an editorial, by the way, that correctly concludes: "To the extent that they [U.S. Catholic Bishops] suggest to the American public that they have comprehended the whole spectrum of political reality in El Salvador, they are perpetuating a certain fraud. The conference endorsed an essentially one-sided position that needs to be labeled as such." Amen, brother.

—CATO

---

isn't it just like the government to build a multi-billion-dollar vehicle and forget to change the oil filters?

■ P. G. Wodehouse would have been one hundred this year, and his centenary has been graced by several books about him, Bertie, and Jeeves. It transpires from British wartime documents, moreover, that he did *not* collaborate with the Germans during his internment by them. His notorious wartime broadcasts were actually designed to inform his worried public that he was not suffering greatly, though he managed to slip by his captors a few details—on the pleasures of eating wooden matches, for instance—that might have conveyed his actual circumstances to anyone alert enough to pick them up. Not exactly a tourist ad for German prison camps, and it shouldn't take the gigantic brain of a Jeeves to deduce as much.

■ The Soviets now deny that the sub grounded in Sweden was carrying nuclear weapons, and insist they were just high-tech harpoons.

■ After its release by Sweden, the sub arrived home to a tumultuous welcome, and crew members were awarded an extended period of R&R in Siberia.

■ MONROE DOCTRINE REDEFINED: The Soviets have warned Washington that "aggressive actions against Cuba are fraught with dangerous consequences."

■ For the 64th year in a row, unusual weather conditions are expected to cause a poor Soviet grain harv . . . oh forget it.

■ The *true* story is that the *Fushida Mishida Owaji-*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ma paid a thousand dollars to Richard Allen if he would promise to limit to ten minutes the time spent by their rival publication with Mrs. Reagan. But since the money was in marked bills, having been slipped to *Fushida* by Rosalynn Carter to bug President Reagan next time he spent sixty seconds over Tokyo, he was asked not to let the money get away, pending its replacement, and two watches were given to Allen as security, pre-set to the moment when he would be free to hand over the bills to the government, which was pre-pledged to spend the money on peanut subsidies, which is why there is circular justice in the whole operation, and why Mrs. Reagan spent so little time with those nice, meticulous Japanese.

■ Hands up, and no false moves. This is a revenue enhancement.

Continuing Scandal

There should be no doubt as to who was to blame for the government's brief paralytic seizure November 23. It was the congressional leadership. No President can sign or veto a bill until Congress sends it to his desk, and Congress waited until the clock had run out before sending President Reagan the money bill the government needed to go on functioning.

That the bill was well over the President's spending target was far from the only reason for his veto. Indeed, he would have been well advised to veto the bill even if it *had* met his target. More than the overspending itself, Congress's method of overspending is a threat to the nation's fiscal health. Congress has passed only one money bill so far this fiscal year—the legislative appropriations to pay their own salaries, which thus were not interrupted during the brief shutdown period.

Until a few years ago, Congress voted every year on separate money bills for each agency or group of agencies. This gave the full House and Senate a chance to consider each request on its merits and amend it suitably, and it also gave the President a clear shot at a veto if he saw fit.

Now Congress operates by what it calls a continuing resolution, a sort of stopgap measure that authorizes government to keep on running while Congress dawdles about its fiscal business or simply fails to act. The Federal Government has been on some sort of continuing resolution ever since 1976, and already there are younger members who can't remember when things were any different. Last year, for the first time, virtually the whole government went on automatic pilot in this way, and Congress never did finish up on the separate money bills for several departments. The same thing is happening again this year, without even the (inadequate) excuse of an election to distract the lawmakers.

Lack of time and resources is not much of an excuse for their delay either. Week after week, month after month, House Democrats flay Administration policies and grill Administration officials in committee hearings, while senators squander their time blowing up foreign-policy disputes into seemingly endless extravaganzas. It may be futile to hope for a House without partisans or a Senate without prima donnas. But can't they give at least some of their time to routine congressional business?

In these matters, form dictates content, and continuing resolutions ineluctably lead to overspending. It is the House and Senate that decide which numbers go into the resolution. They can set an agency's appropriations at the level chosen by conference committee, or at the lower or higher of House and Senate committee recommendations; they can split the difference between House and Senate; they can even pluck a figure from a bill the President has just vetoed, doing an end run around his constitutional veto power. (In the case at hand, they took most of the figures from pending bills that Reagan would veto if they ever reached his desk.) The effect, if not the intention, is to put spending decisions into the hands of 1) the leadership of each house, 2) the leadership of the various committees, and 3) those high potentates of mega-spending chosen by 1) from the ranks of 2): the conference committees. The full House and Senate and the President, all three generally less sympathetic to special-interest spending, are then left with a single, take-it-or-leave-it choice: agree to the resolution, or risk bringing the government to a halt. Once the resolution is in place, inertia is on the side of the partisans of continued spending.

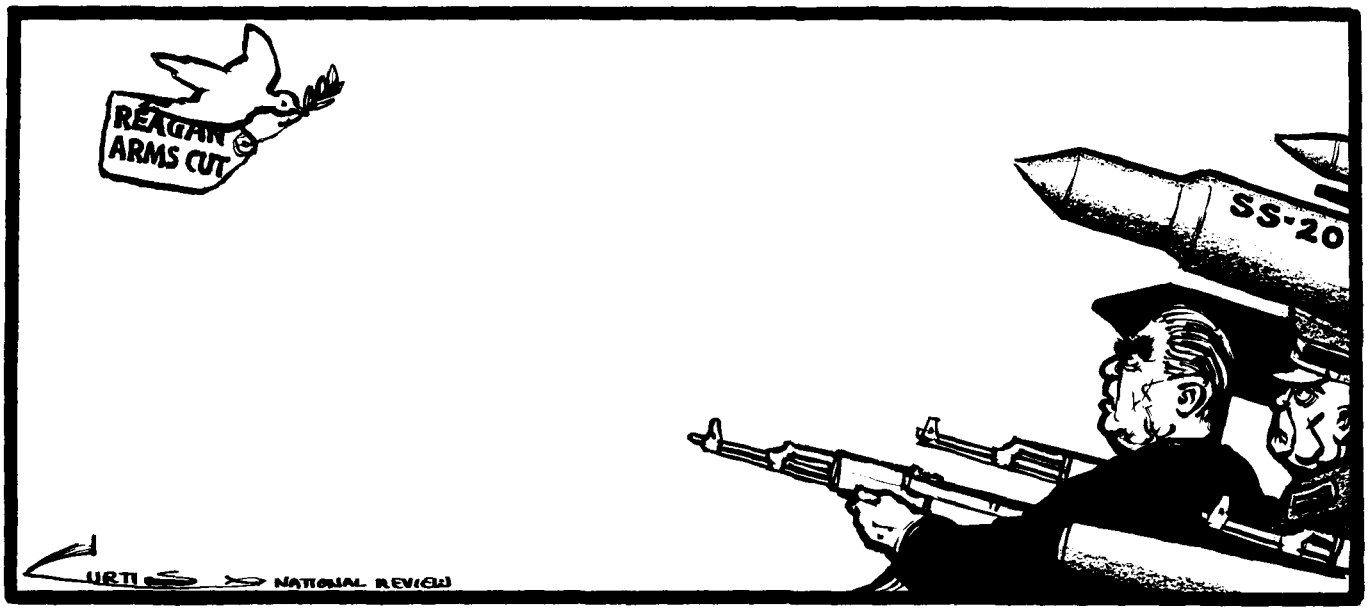
Continuing resolutions are a continuing affront—not just to taxpayers and the President, but to Congress itself. They fly in the face of the favorite causes of congressional reformers. First, and most obviously, they represent Congress's abject failure to master its enormous work load. Second, they augment the power of an ingrown, narrowly based congressional and committee leadership. Third, they exactly reverse popular reform proposals like "sunset" review and

Teddy & Walter

Backward, fly backward, O Time in thy flight;
Take them to Eleanor just for tonight.
Run the old newsreels when Roosevelt spoke.
Can't you just guess whom they're dying to soak?

W. H. VON DREELE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



First strike!

"item veto" since they can keep existing programs going that might not survive an up-or-down vote.

The votes Congress has taken on spending so far determined the amounts that wound up in the current continuing resolution. The agriculture bill came in $812 million higher than the President requested in September; HUD, $1.6 billion higher; Interior, $1.1 billion. All in all, Congress has voted to go at least $6 to $8 billion (and probably more) over the Reagan targets. Even the most famous boondoggles are surviving: the Amtrak line to West Virginia, a bit of pork-barrel for Democratic leader Robert Byrd, was rescued by the Republican Senate. Legal services, which Reagan could veto if it were in a separate bill, is surviving as part of the stopgap measure.

Thus it was that President Reagan had to veto Congress's budget-busting handiwork. The need for a veto was discouraging not only because it revealed the lack of spending discipline in Congress and the leadership deficit of the Republican Senate, but because Congress tends to spend even more irresponsibly (if possible) when it knows it will be bailed out by a veto. Still, the President cannot sign a bill he knows to be bad just because of the threat that government might be disrupted briefly. It is the spenders themselves who have the most to lose from such disruption; let them take care not to bring matters to such a pass again.

Reagan's Zero Option

In understanding any major political move, it is a mistake to focus only on the move itself. Understanding depends upon seeing all of the interrelations. The art of politics consists of using those interrelations.

President Reagan has now proposed that the Soviets remove their 270 SS-20 missiles from Europe. These are short-flight, precisely aimed weapons. In return for that, he proposes, we will refrain from deploying our equivalent, the Pershing medium-range missile. At present the Soviets possess a 1,620 to 0 medium-range missile advantage in Europe.

The Soviets will remove nothing. But Reagan will have demonstrated their true intention: not nuclear reduction, but nuclear superiority. He will also have clarified the true intention of the European (and the American Catholic bishops') "peace" movement: Western strategic inferiority. He threw a spotlight on political saboteurs in the State Department, some of them Carter holdovers, who undercut his speech by leaking word of a U.S. "fall-back" negotiating position (*there is none*).

But, now, the interrelations. Somewhere down the line, probably this spring, serious arms limitation talks will get under way with the Soviets. Any chance of real success will depend upon the Soviets' political perception of Reagan. What Reagan could have done to affect that perception he has done very well indeed. His handling of the air-traffic controllers' strike, his naval exercises in the Gulf of Sidra, and his toughness on the budget all indicate—and the Soviets will have noticed—that Reagan is no Carter.

By spring, many other pointed things may well have happened. As everyone knows, Carter vetoed an Egyptian invasion of Libya, a veto that may have cost Sadat his life. Now American and Egyptian forces have just held elaborate military exercises. Has the invasion veto been lifted? By spring, Libya might well have a pro-Western regime, installed by Egyptian tanks. By spring, the Israelis may have seized a chunk of Lebanon. By spring . . .

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

All that is speculative, but it seems certain that the Soviets will sit down to the arms negotiations thoroughly disabused of the notion that there is such a thing as a free lunch. Under those circumstances it is just possible that serious arms limitations can be negotiated. And that, in turn, could have salutary effects on Reagan's projected deficits.

Everything is interrelated, and Reagan has been going about the art of politics in precisely the right way. If any chance at all exists for successful negotiations with the Soviets, Reagan has been setting the stage for them.

Misuse of Scientific Authority

Back in 1960, the late C. P. Snow made a speech about atomic weapons. It was widely published and discussed. It is to be reprinted in a forthcoming Snow book called *The Physicists*, and for some delphic reason the *New York Times* recently decided to print an excerpt from it on its Op-Ed page.

The Snow exposition was an intellectual disgrace when it appeared, and it remains one—a textbook example of the abuse of scientific authority, about on a level with those ads in which a white-coated actor intones that "Four out of five doctors . . ."

"Scientists *know* certain things," Snow claims, "in a fashion more immediate and more certain than those who don't know what science is." If you are skeptical about that claim, you'll just have to take Snow's word for it.

Now, what such scientists *know*—Snow habitually italicizes the word—is that atom bombs are easy to make and that they are certain to be used. As a scientist, he just knows that. "We know, with the certainty of established truth, that if enough of these weapons are made by enough different states some of them are going to blow up . . . All this *we know*. We know it in a more direct sense than any politician can know it, because it comes from our direct experience. It is part of our minds. Are we going to let it happen? All this we *know*."

But, of course, Lord Snow, as a scientist, "knew" no such thing. Science has no way of knowing what Snow claimed to know. Those who know what science is understand that he was trying to use the authority of science to make political points; that, not far down the road, he would be putting the authority of science behind unilateral disarmament. By 1960, when Snow wrote those lines, the Aldermaston peace march and love-in was an annual British event, and Snow rode the crest of that emotion all the way to the pages of *Commentary* magazine in one of its previous incarnations.

But why reprint Snow's nonsense today? Possibly the *Times* felt that this sort of phony use of science ought to be exposed. After all, what Snow *knew* would happen in 1960, hasn't happened.

Bishops Take a Dive

Meeting in Washington, D.C., the bishops of the American Catholic Church embraced a number of intellectually bankrupt positions that are bound to erode their spiritual authority.

The bishops recommended that the U.S. Government end all military aid to El Salvador. They also cold-shouldered representatives of the Salvadoran hierarchy [see "Letter from Washington," page 1458], who offered a sharply differing assessment of the situation, and they provided no convincing scenario concerning the likely consequences of such a cut-off. They thus purchased a transitory *cachet* at the price of great risk to the people of El Salvador. Their performance was so egregious that the *Washington Post* felt constrained to denounce it editorially: "To the extent that the American bishops overlook the real differences within El Salvador, they may be deepening them."

The American bishops also condemned nuclear weapons, though nothing has changed in any way that would invalidate previous refusals to do so. Their stand can have no effect whatsoever on the Soviet Union. To the extent that it has any effect at all, it can only weaken America and the West—and thus make war more likely. If the U.S. followed the bishops' teaching and gave up nuclear weapons, then it might as well give up all weapons. The bishops thus not only condemned nuclear weapons but in effect came out for appeasement and surrender. They did not consult Lech Walesa. They supinely joined the clamor aimed at U.S. efforts to correct the nuclear imbalance in Europe.

The bishops endorsed the proposition that Reagan's defense increases come at the expense of the poor. They thus took the position of opposing such increases. They did not bother to address themselves

Pastoral Messages

Some clergymen keep preaching
  Disarmament for peace,
Forgetting salted Carthage
  And decimated Greece,
Or how the last big Inca
  Got snookered at the pass
And, later, wasn't even
  Remembered in a Mass.

W. H. VON DREELE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to the question of whether the defense of freedom requires such spending; indeed, the defense of freedom does not appear to be high on their ecclesiastical agenda. Nor, in their concern over social budget cuts, did they address themselves to the widely conceded need to stimulate investment and production.

To the extent that the bishops flirted with unilateralism and pacifism, they also flirted with heresy—precisely, with a failure of consuming Christian love. Many Protestant leaders, over the years, have bowed to transitory intellectual fashion, and in the process lost all spiritual authority. It is melancholy to see the Catholic bishops pursuing the same sterile course, at the end of which lies only marginality and irrelevance.

One of the most telling arguments for the divine auspices of the Catholic Church has always been the fact that it has survived for two millennia despite the numerous dilettantes who from time to time have exercised high authority in it. The American bishops who led this synod once again are putting the Church to that stern historical test.

Oh yes, they also backed the Hatch approach to abortion, a tactically defensible stand, though utterly lacking in moral definition. And, pressed by feminists, they mindlessly removed the word "men" from a liturgical affirmation which now reads that Christ "died for you and for all."

No satirist, not Voltaire himself, could have made these bishops more irrelevant or short-sighted than they made themselves.

Labor's Problems

For the first time in recent memory, the AFL-CIO did not invite the President, the Vice President, or the Secretary of Labor to address its biennial convention. Their places were filled by Tip O'Neill, Walter Mondale, and Teddy Kennedy, who assured the convention that the Administration's economic program "treats human deprivation as a virtue." When the Democrats tired of flailing poverty and Reagan, and quoting David Stockman, they passed the cat-o'-nine-tails and their copies of the *Atlantic* interview over to Lane Kirkland. Union leaders proudly noted the sums they had funneled to the Democratic National Committee (over half a million dollars so far this year), and voted to raise membership dues so as to funnel still more. The Democrats for their part planned to establish a formal labor committee with two AFL-CIO members as co-chairmen. "It's great to be back together again," said Tip.

The Democrats are rebuilding some badly needed bridges. In their preoccupation with New Class aspirations, they have strained the patience of labor leaders. The racial and sexual quotas that the Democrats have fastened on their own party structure have had the effect of freezing labor leaders out, and the retiring head of the AFL-CIO's Committee on Political Education is reported to have given a private blast at the practice.

But disaffection goes deeper than a few pooh-bahs. Union households gave 43 per cent of their votes to Reagan a year ago (as against 48 for Carter and 9 for Anderson), despite the AFL-CIO's endorsement of the incumbent. Many blue-collar workers no doubt resent the same minority mathematics that annoys their leadership. But Reagan's main appeal was economic ("Are you better off now than you were four years ago?"). What can the Democrats offer here? Will Tip and Ted pass from their newfound infatuation with David Stockman to a romance with spending cuts? Are runaway taxes, bloated budgets, and grinding inflation proper concerns for union leaders?

Stockman Sailing the Atlantic

By now, the *Atlantic Monthly* has canceled its next five subscription drives, the Democrats have accumulated a warehouseful of campaign speeches, and a tumbril with David Stockman's name on it has been added to the White House motor pool, if not for immediate use, then on stand-by status. Elsewhere in this issue, Alan Reynolds gives a supply-sider's analysis of the Reagan program and Stockman's role in it. Herewith a few larger points, political and stylistic, as well as economic.

1. By far the most damning accusation in "The Education of David Stockman" was the charge of dishonesty—that Stockman had mentally defected from a program he knew ahead of time would be a failure; that he and his fellow number-crunchers were selling Reagan, and the American people, a bill of goods. "Reagan's policy-makers," as the *Atlantic* article put it, "knew that their plan was wrong, or at least inadequate to its promised effects, but the President went ahead and conveyed the opposite impression to the American public."

Those are the words and conclusions, however, of interviewer William Greider, not Stockman himself: a fact easily passed over, since most of Greider's piece is stream-of-consciousness—Stockman's consciousness—with actual quotations mixed in. Stockman did confide anxieties and uncertainties, and doubts about this or that aspect of the struggle. The thorough-going cynicism is Greider's (unacknowledged) invention. Henry James, call your office.

2. What the Reaganites are really pushing, Greider went on, is "trickle-down." "It's kind of hard to sell 'trickle-down,'" Stockman is quoted as saying, "so the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

supply-side formula was the only way to get a tax policy that was really 'trickle-down.'"

The ironies here are legion. "Trickle-down"—another of Greider's terms, this one unwisely repeated by Stockman—is a Democratic pejorative, purporting to describe conservative economics: rich men get government breaks, of which a few driblets fall to the masses. This is, in fact, the way liberals think the economy works, as witness their infatuation with stimulative spending policy. All they claim to offer is a change in the beneficiaries of government largesse—a policy of "trickle-across" rather than "trickle-down." But if, as the Reagan Administration believes, wealth is not doled out from Washington, but produced by men and women in the marketplace, including investors, who require the encouragement of a sufficient return on their labor, then Greider's terminology—and Stockman's difficulties with it—become moot.

The particular context in which the dread words arose was a discussion of the cut in the top tax rate, from 70 to 50 per cent (a proposal initially offered, incidentally, by House Democrats). It is a pity that the top rate was not cut to 25 per cent, and a scandal that politicians are tacitly forbidden even to discuss this. But that is a lesson for another day.

3. Having adopted David Stockman as their oracle, will liberal Democrats now endorse his remedy—further spending cuts? For decades, politicians like Tip O'Neill have made careers of stimulating public expectations and signing the chits. David Stockman, fresh in the Office of Management and Budget, took alarm at the gap between their bloated commitments and America's shrunken ability to pay. Will Tip now lead us on a diet?

4. Memo to Stockman: Next time you and Greider have breakfast, quote Dr. Johnson: "Questioning is not the mode of conversation among gentlemen."

Frank Sheed, R I P

When Frank Sheed appeared at the inevitable publication-day party for his autobiography (*The Church and I*, Doubleday, 1974), his wife was seated next to him, only she could not rise to return the greetings of the guests. "I told him," she said, her English accent intact even after all those years in America, "that by marrying someone older, he'd eventually be caring for a cripple." Frank Sheed beamed, as it is probable anyone would have done, married to Maisie Ward. The two met in circumstances George Bernard Shaw might have written about, evangelizing, from impromptu stalls, to the bleachers of London, Sheed from Australia, Ward from England, the two to found the publishing company Sheed and Ward, to beget an infinitely talented son, and to persevere in the work of the Lord, which she did until she died six years ago, and he, until he died last week.

His faith was always intact, though he permitted himself to wonder at the casual acceptance of Christianity—preferred, as Canon Bernard Iddings Bell once put it, "by a few, to golf or canasta." He permitted himself a dark observation: "There is not as much difference as we might hope between the unbeliever who denies Christ's revelation and the believer who never gives his mind to it." After Maisie died he was quiet, by his standards, but the resonance of what he had done and had written sustained not only him but those who read his many works or who had heard him preach. For he had written, "For myself, accepting Christ as a teacher, I know who I am, what I am, why I am. I know my relation to God and to Christ, to other men therefore. I know what life is about, where I am supposed to be going and how to get there. I know the shape and texture of reality. If 'identity' is something over and above all this, I am not conscious of missing it." That certitude was his gift, and his legacy. —WFB

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Bill:

As you were so kind as to honor my request for some "homework" from the files of NATIONAL REVIEW (assembled by your most kind secretary) with which to prepare myself for a debate with Daniel Ellsberg, I believe the best way to thank you is to tell you the unreported story of what happened.

It was a debate in name only. I was to speak for some thirty minutes about the Pentagon Papers case from my point of view and Mr. Ellsberg was to follow for a like period. Ten minutes each were allotted for rebuttal and then the two of us were to answer questions from the audience. The affair was moderated, as best he could, by Tim O'Brien, ABC network legal correspondent.

The meeting took place in the historic chapel at Syracuse University. The three of us appeared at the altar (from different entrances, at the insistence of Dr. Ellsberg). I spoke and sat down. Ellsberg rose, removed his jacket, his tie and then opened the front of his shirt and rolled up his sleeves, stopping there to the relief of all. He attempted to speak but his microphone wouldn't work. I got up and repaired it, much to his annoyance.

Dr. Ellsberg started out quite civilly, but then lost

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

control of his emotions and began to employ, for emphasis, such words as "fuck" when not relevant to the subject under discussion. Mr. O'Brien was sorely tried.

The question and answer period was a bust because Ellsberg kept answering nearly every question with yet another seemingly endless quotation of 1960s monthly bombing tonnage statistics from Vietnam. I think we got about four questions "answered" by the time O'Brien cut things off at 11:00 P.M. We three then proceeded downstairs to a reception being held for us by the university chancellor.

After a few minutes of sampling the wine and cheese I had the misguided notion that I ought, out of courtesy, go over and shake Ellsberg's hand. He was seated at the far end of the room, signing autographs. When I approached him, hand outstretched, he shoved his chair back, then leaped to his feet saying that he would *not* shake my hand because I either want or wanted (tense not clear) to kill him.

I replied that at no time had he ever risen to a level of importance in the affairs of this nation for *anyone* to have wanted to kill him. Things went from bad to worse and the good doctor became so upset he ran from the room, never to return.

The following day I was to lecture at Hamilton College, just twenty minutes away by automobile, and so was picked up by students and driven away. Ellsberg did not know this. He showed up at the airport and spotted my agent, Mr. Brian Winthrop. According to Mr. Winthrop, who was waiting for a plane to return him to Manhattan, Ellsberg, apparently believing I, too, was there, fled the airport and, according to report, abandoned his plans to fly that day in favor of locking himself in his hotel room for another 24 hours until he believed me safely out of the way.

You, sir, have vastly more experience than I at debating the darlings of the left/liberal set. Do they *all* behave that way?

Gratefully,
G. Gordon Liddy
Fort Washington, Md.

Dear Gordon: Not *all* of them. You must guard against exaggeration. Remember. Cordially, Bill

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Double oops to Mr. John G. Fifield ["Notes & Asides," Nov. 13], who claims that there are only a bit more than 3.25 million possible nine-digit Zip codes, refuting an earlier claim [Sept. 18] for nearly 1,000 million codes. He also claims that Zip codes cannot begin with zero. This will be news to residents in the New England area, whose codes *all* begin with zero.

The impressive-looking formula used by Mr. Fifield is well accepted for *permutations* of digits, where the same digit cannot be repeated in a code. Given this assumption, his arithmetic is faultless, but, as *NR*'s Zip code ("10016") reveals, digits *can* be repeated, so he is wrong in his use of the formula.

If nine-digit Zip codes can begin with zero, and can repeat digits, the highest code would be "99999-9999" and the lowest "00000-0000"—a total of 1,000 million possible legal codes.

In practical terms, however, not all of these possible codes will be available. The first five digits of the new codes will be the same as your current Zip, and these digits have meaning. For example, the *NR* Zip ("10016") means you are located in area "100" (which happens to be Manhattan) and are served by a Post Office that covers zone "16" of Manhattan (which happens to include 150 East 35th Street). Many letter carriers serve this zone.

The added four digits will allow your particular Post Office to divide its zone into about ten thousand sections, not enough to give a separate Zip code to each person and business in the zone, but enough to assign Zip codes to each city block, and have enough codes left over to assign individual codes to certain large users and office buildings. It will assign these codes so only one letter carrier serves a given Zip code. Thus, in the future, automatic equipment, knowing which Zip codes are included in a given letter carrier's route, will be able to sort the mail by route, saving additional handling in the Post Office.

73 (Best wishes),
Ira Glickstein
Apalachin, N.Y.

■ Memo to: WFB
From: Kevin

In case you didn't know, Ernest van den Haag has been named to the John M. Olin chair of Jurisprudence and Public Policy at Fordham. Would you agree that congratulations are in order to: Ernest, Mr. Olin, the trustees of the Olin Foundation, and the trustees of Fordham?

Kevin: Hear hear. And three cheers also for jurisprudence and public policy. Bill

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Suggest return use complete sentences re: "For Record." Incomplete sentences choppy, bland, no style. Space-saving negligible, gain nothing but choppy smart-aleck letters from readers. Thanks much.

Sincerely,
Terry M. Valentine
Long Beach, N.Y.

Dear Mr. V.: Welcome. —B.

—WFB

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The American Spectator believes in individualism, freedom, and the horselaugh as weapons against fools, phonies, and pipsqueaks in places of power.

Literate in our writing, independent in our thinking, **The American Spectator** is predictable in one respect only: our appeal to your intelligence and your sense of humor. Where else but in **The American Spectator** do you find the rapacious top dog of the Kremlin pack regularly referred to by the simple and endearing cognomen of Papa Brezhnev? Where else but in **The American Spectator** will you come upon a serious article wickedly subtitled "Yasir, That's My Baby"—a pull-no-punch exposé of U.S. diplomats' covertly amorous courtship of Arafat's bloody PLO terrorists?

By now you probably get the idea that, while **The American Spectator** takes delight in being mockingly, irreverently funny, we can also be deadly serious. Especially when the targets of our criticism are the institutions, individuals, and ideas that rank as sacred cows to the more trendily chic liberal media: SALT, OSHA, affirmative action, the joy of economic scarcity, windmills, Barry Commoner, Ralph Nader, Jane Fonda, and all the other peculiar species of fish, fowl, and reptile that environmentalists champion so strenuously on National Public Radio and TV.

If, like us, you have a mind for the unfashionable, the unorthodox, the frequently unprintable, live dangerously . . . join the growing roster of subscribers to **The American Spectator.** The coupon contains an offer that will save you a heap of money. Mail it today.

"One of the nation's most energetic and sprightly journals of opinion." —**TIME**

". . . iconbusting, brawlingly staid, and wonderfully highbrow." —**WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR.**

"One of the liveliest, best-written, best edited journals of ideas and politics we know." —**THE BALTIMORE SUN**

THE
AMERICAN SPECTATOR.
P.O. Box 1969, Bloomington, Indiana 47402

Open my one-year subscription (12 monthly issues) at your special money-saving price of only $11.95, a whopping one-third saving (regularly $18).

☐ Check for $11.95 enclosed. In return for my prepayment send me **two additional issues** (14 for the price of 12). Full refund is guaranteed if I don't like the first issue.

☐ Bill me for $11.95 (sorry, no additional issues; only 12). If I don't like my first issue I'll write "cancel" across the invoice, return it to you, and owe nothing.

PLEASE PRINT

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

1NMA

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Current WISDOM

Remonstrance In The Oval Office

WINSTON

YOU WILL recall that early in his Administration Ronald Reagan told his senior aides that he did not want any decision to be made or any action taken on the basis of whether it would help or hurt a potential second-term presidential bid by him. Since then, Reagan appears to have lived up to this gallant standard, and dramatically so in the gargantuan AWACS effort. Seldom, if ever, has any U.S. President risked so much political capital on one roll of the dice when the risk was—as in the case of AWACS—eludible. Such intrepidity has won him great respect around town, not only from supporters, but from intellectual and political adversaries as well. There are two qualities that everyone esteems Ronald Reagan for: 1) his psyche is eminently healthy (*mirabile visu*, in a politician), and 2) in the clutch he subordinates expedience to conviction.

Both were re-expressed, Winston is reliably advised, by the President in his hour-long remonstrance of Messrs. Haig and Allen in the Oval Office, the subject being The Feud. Reagan asked questions and listened a lot. Then he spoke to them with the bark on, i.e., in language of unsmooth surface, with several cutting edges. Look, he said, I was sent here by the American people to do a job. I take that responsibility very seriously, and I am not going to let anyone interfere with my doing that job, including either or both of you. Either you cut out the backbiting, or I'll fire you. You leave me no other alternative. I am prepared to do that, and I couldn't care less about bad press or public outcry or political damage. I'm not going to let politics—or anything—stand in the way of what the American people have told me to do. End of conversation. Lesson? Don't fool with Mother Nature—or genial Ronald Reagan.

■ AWACS continues to rankle pro-Israeli members of Congress, diplomats, and lobbyists in Washington. It has become a leading entry in a growing number of problems Israel perceives itself as having with the United States—problems that include the sharp U.S. reprimand of Israel for its bombing of the Iraqi reactor, and President Reagan's characterization of the Saudi peace plan as "hopeful."

To allay such agitation, one dimension of the AWACS sale—curiously overlooked earlier—is gaining currency in town, and helping Israel's supporters to be less sour toward the Saudis' eight-point proposal. That unnoticed dimension of the AWACS deal is *oil*. Whatever enhances the security of world oil, increases its volume, and holds down its price will advance the larger and longer interest of Israel. AWACS, it is argued, does all three.

AWACS may well dispose the Saudis to bankroll the concept of the so-called "energy affiliate," originally put forward as an arm of the World Bank, whose function would be to explore widely for oil and gas not only in the Mideast but in Africa as well. This concept has the potential of increasing oil output in a major way.

Because of AWACS, the Saudis will be more willing to pump at levels higher than they actually need to run their economy—as they have in the past—and will not reduce oil output in phases, as would have been the case had AWACS not made it. True, the Saudis announced a production cutback at last month's OPEC meeting. But this was a temporary and compromise measure, part of the larger Saudi strategy to secure the reunification of OPEC's pricing schedule, a reunification that helps the West. Also at that meeting, it is stressed, the Saudis engineered the freezing of the price of oil through the end of 1982. This means that we shall be paying less for imported oil next year than we are paying now: with inflation running at about 10 per cent, fixing the price of oil will, in a year, mean a real cut of 10 per cent.

Adding this up, AWACS means more oil, cheaper oil, and securer oil: which, in turn, means that energy pressure on Western Europe and Japan will be reduced: which, in turn, means a reduction of their pressure on Israel. Our European allies and Japan will be less inclined to attempt to isolate Israel economically and politically in the effort to reach a rushed resolution of the Palestinian problem.

The several behaviors of the European Economic Community, Holland, and Japan all reinforce the argument. In the late Sixties and early Seventies oil sold at $2 to $3 a barrel. What pressure did the EEC exert then on Israel to recognize the legitimacy of a Palestinian state? Zero pressure. Now, with oil selling at $32 a barrel (as of last year), Lord Carrington urges the recognition of a Palestinian state at Cancún and Riyadh and whithersoever his muse beckons.

During the 1973-74 Arab oil embargo, Holland alone of all European nations told OPEC where it could deliver its oil (to a place where the sun does not shine) and steadfastly supported Israel. Holland, it so happens, has vast quantities of natural gas.

Japan, inversely, makes the same point. Of all free nations, Japan has red-carpeted the PLO most prominently. Did you not see the photos of Prime Minister Zenko Suzuki smiling with Oriental scrutability (and somewhat self-consciously) at Arafat during the latter's visit to Japan? Japan, please note, has no oil. Obeisance to Arafat is thus obligatory.

Why doesn't Israel (or, for that matter, the world) see how pivotal oil is in the Rubik's cube of international diplomacy? Leverage on Israel to soften (weaken?) its position correlates directly with the price, volume, and security of OPEC oil. If you accept this theory, as Winston does, then the great paradox of AWACS is that the real winner in this deal—thanks to oil—is not Saudi Arabia, nor the PLO, but Israel.

■ Is Howard Baker going to delay the early December Senate vote on the expulsion of Senator Harrison Williams (D., N.J.), lest lame-duck Governor Brendon Byrne be empowered to name himself to fill out Williams's term? □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Pacifists, and Others

The Protracted Conflict

BRIAN CROZIER

HOW GENUINE is the "wave of pacifism" now sweeping Western Europe?

Alarming, it certainly is. If the peace-marchers in Britain, West Germany, and the Low Countries impress their governments sufficiently, making it psychologically and politically impossible for them to deploy the new generation of nuclear weapons (TNF: Theater Nuclear Forces), those American weapons might just as well be thrown on the scrap heap.

Mass marches are designed to make an impact on public opinion, not least in countries other than that of the marchers themselves. In this they often succeed, for too often the media or weak-kneed politicians far from the scene mistake the voices and banners of the protestors for those of the peoples of their respective homelands. Worse, some of them even assume that the marchers are representative of those actually in power (in which they are, however, not necessarily mistaken).

Anti-Protest Moves

I happened to see the big CND (Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament) demonstration in London on October 24, and the numbers, if not the slogans, were certainly impressive. But one could not help being struck by the apathy of the onlookers. As a reporter in the *Sunday Telegraph* put it, it was "a sea of protest in an ocean of apathy." How many protested? As low as 100,000, said some accounts; 250,000, claimed the CND itself; 150,000, said the police. That afternoon throughout Britain, soccer crowds totaled half a million.

In Bonn on October 10, the numbers were larger: up to 300,000, according to the organizers, no more than 240,000 on the police estimate. Interesting point: about half of the fifty thousand members of the German Communist Party (DKP) took part in the march.

In Belgium, the huge crowd of 200,000 apparently included many Dutchmen conveyed to their destinations by public and private transport across the border. Significantly, there was no corresponding demonstration in Holland.

Then there were the flops: about ten thousand in Rome, some 90 per cent of them members of the Communist Party (PCI); and fifty thousand in Paris, carefully marshaled by the Communist Party (PCF).

As public-opinion polls have shown in Germany, Britain, and elsewhere, the unilateral-disarmers, however vociferous and well organized, are a minority, and the real problem resides in the unfortunate fact that in Bonn and The Hague in particular a number of politicians in power and many members of the ruling coalitions are themselves pacifists or unilateralists, despite the fact that the precarious European peace of the past three decades has so clearly been preserved by maintaining the nuclear balance between East and West.

Unfortunately the NATO governments have perceived the pacifist threat dangerously late. It is comforting to note that in Britain, the Foreign and Defense Secretaries have been making speeches about the danger of unilateralism, while Mr. Caspar Weinberger has been patiently explaining the facts of strategic life to Europeans and others.

In an earlier column, I mentioned the first stirrings of anti-protest protest in the European private sectors. As far as I know, the first group of its kind was the Freedom, Peace, and Defense Foundation in Holland, followed not long after by the Bonner Friedensforum (peace forum) in West Germany. In London on November 3, a similar group, styling itself the Council for Arms Control, made its appearance. In Brussels two weeks earlier a group of concerned and prominent citizens had launched the Rassemblement pour la Paix dans la Liberté (Rally for Peace in Freedom). All these groups reject the unilateralist approach, though not of course the concept of peace.

In Britain, a new and more militant group, the Coalition for Peace through Security (undoubtedly inspired by the highly successful American Coalition for Peace through Strength, which helped the Committee on the Present Danger defeat the dangerously one-sided SALT II draft treaty), plans to confront the unilateralists head-on.

Having said all this, let me answer my own question. Yes, in West Germany at least there is a genuine wave of pacifism, especially among the young. It is understandable. Germany was the country that suffered the most destruction in World War II, bar none. This destruction was caused, as the young see it, by the misdeeds of their elders. This widespread sentiment was clearly visible throughout the Federal Republic during last year's election campaign, and possibly cost Franz Josef Strauss his one attempt to make it to the Chancellor's office. Helmut Schmidt's most telling election ploy was a full-page advertisement in many newspapers and magazines, consisting of faces of women of three age groups: the young, who had lost a father in the last war; the middle-aged, who had lost a brother or a husband; and the old, who had lost a son.

The DKP is a tiny party in relation to the West German population, and tiny in its appeal. But like all Communist parties, it is strong on organization, and it has fertile soil to work with.

In Britain, too, there is some genuine pacifist sentiment. A writer in the *Times*, as I write this column, says of himself that as a youth he wanted to stop Hitler, that he is just as concerned about the Soviet menace, but simply cannot stomach another nuclear arms race and the thought of megadeaths.

Peace Teaser

If such sentiments did not exist, the resident Communists would find the going tougher than they do. The *Daily Mail* on November 4 reported that more and more Communists and Trotskyists are muscling in on the CND, notably its youth wing. Returning to my familiar territory of political semantics, let me put it this way:

Question: When is peace not peace?

Answer: When it is synonymous with policies that extend Soviet power.

If we keep a clear mind about such mysteries we shall be better placed to win the peace and avert the war so many people fear. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SUPPLY-SIDE VIEW

After Stockman

ALAN REYNOLDS

DAVID STOCKMAN'S doubts and confusion, reported in the *Atlantic Monthly*, come as no surprise to supply-side economists, who have long been alarmed by his accelerating conversion to the Hoover-Thatcher austerity school. Consider, for example, these hints of disenchantment from my colleague, Jude Wanniski:

February 3: "It is now highly probable that Regan will supplant Stockman as the chief supply-side spokesman in the Cabinet."

March 3: "Stockman himself has been a mild disappointment to the supply-siders, slowing down to pick up the nickel-and-dime spending cuts thrown in his path, meanwhile diluting his commitment to Kemp-Roth. Once he donned the green eyeshade of the OMB accountant, Stockman became hypnotized by the ledgers."

June 3: "Last December, Stockman came to Wall Street, just named OMB director, and met Henry Kaufman in the morning and Alan Greenspan in the evening, and he has never been the same. They implanted in him the idea that built their reputations, that gloom and doom will result unless austerity policies are followed."

The Old-Time Religion

With a myopic concentration on balancing some hypothetical future budget, Stockman seemed to let all other objectives slip away from his view. Thus, the inflation estimates were raised at the last moment to generate more "bracket creep" revenue. Stockman pushed the personal tax cuts back from January to July, then to October. Indexing of tax rates was ominously dropped from the Stockman agenda. His talk of loophole-closing and revenue enhancement became almost McGovernesque. Supply-siders began to worry. Criticism was not gracefully received. Supply-siders were shut out of OMB, and Stockman instead reverted to the old-time religion.

The fatal flaw in Stockman's isolated do-it-yourself economics was his acceptance of the media's budgetary explanation of the renewed collapse of the bond market, though there is absolutely no evidence linking long-term interest rates to budget deficits. Stockman thus absolved the Federal Reserve from any responsibility for the progressive loss of confidence in the long-term purchasing power of the dollar, and the related tripling of bond yields since 1964. We are all Keynesians now, Stockman implied, offering an argument identical to the one used to support tax increases in 1932.

It is quite true, as Stockman told Mr. Greider, that tax cuts alone may not "cause output and employment to expand." Tax relief is a necessary but insufficient condition. We also need a reasonably predictable financial environment, a dollar that will hold its value over time. We need assurance that inflation will not wipe out the tax cuts. We need a dollar that is as good as gold. Yet Stockman pushed money to the back burner from the beginning. The Administration's only monetary policy became "Trust the Fed."

Critics of supply-side economics desperately seize any argument, however ridiculous, to disguise the fact that they offer no alternatives. Anthony Lewis thus writes, in the *New York Times*, that "by now everybody can see that huge tax cuts combined with rapid increases in defense spending are going to produce . . . recession and unemployment." Recessions are caused by tax cuts and defense spending? Keynes was wrong, but he wasn't *that* wrong. Yet Stockman has invited this sort of silly criticism with his own endorsement of the so-called Wall Street view (actually the view of a few economists, not bond traders). Indeed, the most astonishing thing about the *Atlantic* piece is that there is not the slightest hint that monetary policy has anything to do with anything.

It is quite unlikely that the *Atlantic* article caught Stockman by surprise. Monthly magazines need many weeks of lead time, the author was a regular companion (Stockman has evidently replaced Deep Throat), and Stockman knew what he had said. Instead, the real surprise came at the end of October, when the President came out against Stockman's new push to raise taxes and cut defense. Had Stockman won that battle, as he surely expected to, the *Atlantic* article would have explained and supported the abrupt flip-flop in policy. As it happened, however, the supply-siders retained the President's support, making Stockman look like a petulant sore loser, an inside critic, rather than giving the intended image of a man candidly describing his victory over the Treasury supply-siders.

Join the Club

Stockman is simply the most recent in a long line of very smart people who have underestimated Ronald Reagan, and particularly his commitment to supply-side economics. This did not surprise those of us who remember that Stockman first supported John Connally as the Republican presidential candidate, then George Bush. The supply-siders, by contrast, have been rabid Reaganites since 1976 (if not 1964). And President Reagan, in turn, remains the Administration's best supply-sider.

The substance of Stockman's printed remarks was less significant than the tone. To even condone any "trickle-down" interpretation is to miss the whole point. Escalating marginal tax rates keep people from raising their output and income, from climbing up. "Bracket creep" has not been a problem for the already wealthy—they have long been in the top bracket anyway. Those who emphasize the savings rates of high-income people are Keynesians, not supply-siders.

The "trickle-down" charge is doubly ironic, since it was the Democrats who cut the top tax rate from 70 per cent to 50 per cent. A modest step in the right direction, but it does seem fair to

Mr. Reynolds is an associate of Jude Wanniski in Polyconomics, Inc. He is a leading supply-side theoretician, and a contributing editor of NR.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mention who pulled in that particular Trojan Horse. Stockman has apparently adopted Alan Greenspan's curious notion that the 70 per cent bracket is damaging to incentives, but the 40 or 50 per cent bracket is not (I used to call it the Greenspan Relief Act, since it helped him but not me).

In January and early February, I spent a few days each week working with Stockman on the economic forecast and program. It is not true, as Greider and others have implied, that the economic forecast was made optimistic in order to minimize the estimated deficits. It may be true that the inflation estimates were made *less* optimistic for that purpose—the old game of using inflation to balance the budget, on paper. By and large, however, the forecast was a sincere consensus of a dozen or so economic officials and a few outside economists.

Whose Computer?

Greider is also wrong when he says that Stockman had access to "an OMB computer" in early January—the cited rough estimates instead came from the Congressional Budget Office, whose forecasting record is even worse. Stockman was certainly right that "none of us really understands what's going on with all these numbers." All we could do was ask questions and trust the people who instructed the computers, filling them with mysterious rules of thumb.

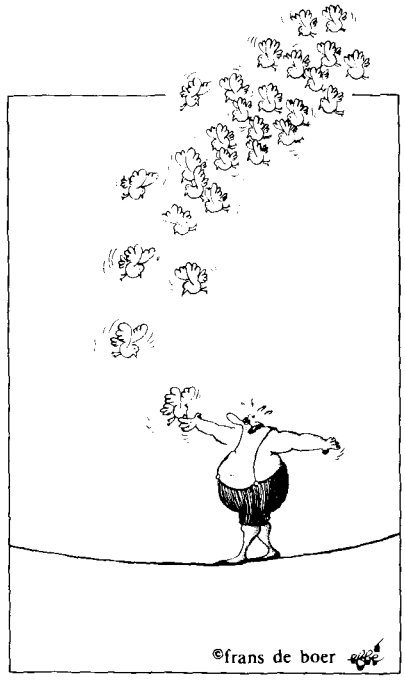
Stockman, however, had little interest in understating future deficits. Big numbers, however dubious their origins, are handy weapons. Stockman, as Greider writes, "saw opportunity in these shocking projections."

The initial OMB forecast of last February has been widely criticized as "too optimistic," but for the wrong reasons. The excessive optimism had to do with assuming that people would somehow expect less inflation when the country still has no believable long-term monetary policy, no monetary standard, no predictable unit of account. As a result, long-term interest rates still contain a huge premium against the probability that double-digit inflation will be with us for decades, aside from cyclical relief.

In other respects, the February forecast was less optimistic than the Carter budget. The 1979 budget, for example, assumed that real GNP would rise by 5 per cent per year for five years in a row. There was little media criticism of that forecast. The February OMB forecast had a recession in the second and third quarters of this year, and a first-year recovery of only 4.2 per cent (compared with a postwar average of 6.5 per cent). Although inflation was cut in half in a single year during the 1976 recovery, the February forecast assumes five years to accomplish that result. Those who call that optimistic must be easy to please.

In the rush to accomplish specific objectives, David Stockman, like many others, may have confused ends and means. There are, for example, positive and negative ways to balance budgets, lower inflation, and lower interest rates. It makes a difference.

It is possible to make future budgets look balanced by estimating perpetual high inflation, thus inflating everyone into ever-higher tax brackets (until indexing takes hold, if it ever does). It is possible to lower inflation, temporarily, by causing a lot of going-out-of-business sales. It is possible to lower interest rates, temporarily, by increasing the number of bankruptcies, since bankrupt firms and households can't borrow. Conversely, it is possible to slow the growth of the M1B money supply by keeping interest rates high enough to drive funds into the money-market funds, overnight Eurodollars, etc. In short, losing sight of the ultimate goal —prosperity without inflation—can produce some perverse ideas of what constitutes "success."



Stockman has already been the best budget director in the nation's history. A budget director's mission, however, is too narrow to provide the perspective needed for a general economic policymaker or spokesman. Any competent budget director is necessarily too busy with detail to stand back and see the big picture. A vacation would be more helpful than more 16-hour days. Besides, the OMB bookkeeper mentality invariably elevates minor budget adjustments to the role of the sole driving force of the economy. Budget balance becomes an end in itself, regardless of cause or consequences, and monetary, international, and regulatory issues are forever postponed. It is almost like asking the tax collector to design a well-balanced and constructive policy package.

Some people are so anxious to shrink the government that they will adopt any theory that supports that goal. But false theories don't provide a firm foundation for any policy. The trouble with blaming interest rates on the federal deficit, as Stockman does, is that there is not the slightest logic or evidence to suggest that it is true. I have elsewhere looked at the relevant numbers in every conceivable way, for many countries, and it just doesn't work. Long-term interest rates soared with the budget surplus of 1969, and with the shrinking deficits from 1976 to 1979. Japan typically runs the largest budget deficits of any major nation, yet inflation and interest rates are about half of what they are here. If we continue to seek a purely fiscal solution to our monetary problems, as we did in 1932 and 1969, the economy will not be able to obtain the long-term financing needed to stage a sustainable economic expansion.

David Stockman's undoing began when he embraced the extreme Keynesian notion that investors in bonds care only about budget deficits and not at all about the quality of money. As long as he remains burdened with that indefensible "crackpot theory," Stockman cannot possibly serve as an economic spokesman for the Reagan program. The *Atlantic Monthly* merely publicized what should have been obvious for many months. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TONY BENN'S VISION

Red Britain in 1984?

JOHN HUTCHINSON

IT IS A SEASON of mournful statistics. Margaret Thatcher is in the second half of her term of office, and hardly a prospect pleaseth.

Mass unemployment is now the great presence, the teller at elections. In 1979, when the Thatcher government came in, unemployment was a million and a half or 7 per cent of the seeking workforce—about what it was proportionately in the United States and Canada, with 4 per cent in West Germany and 2 per cent in Japan.

Now it is three million or 14 per cent—four million if part-time and inactive seekers are counted—compared with marginal increases and even decreases elsewhere. It is—according to the latest forecast on the Treasury model—headed for a basic three and a half million by 1983 and will not fall from that for some years. It is mainly structural, not remediable in the short run by anybody's nostrum; not even an overnight Tory adoption of the most inflationary plunges planned by the Left would effect more than a shallowing of the rising curve of the jobless in the short run before apocalypse in the long. Margaret Thatcher will go to the polls—as she must by 1984 or before—in a ball and chain. Not a prophet in the business, not a punter off the grog, will lay odds on her leading the pack.

Why should Britain fare so badly, so much worse—as it does—than most of the rest of the industrial nations feeling the recession, all of whom—as does Britain—try to keep control of the money supply while spending on fledgling or stumbling or promising industries?

There is a vast literature of historical exegesis: the death of Empire and easy trading; classical education and amateur management; the drain of World War II and the sieve of postwar nationalization; the aging of British plant and the birth of new competitors and exacting markets; and union power. Two stand out today: amateur management and union power.

The British manager enjoys only the muted admiration of his competitors, who tend to see him as an over-mannered tyro—aloof from the line, rapt with perquisites rather than productivity, too often in office by family or necktie, ill at ease with professionals at any level, too seldom in charge or a threat to the field. One of the few managerial heroes in modern Britain is Clancy Scheuppert of the Sheerness Steel Company, a shirtsleeve American who knows everybody in the plant by first name, runs a profitable business, and was one of the few steelmen to keep his workforce loyal and his shop open during the national steel strike of 1980. "In many British factories," Barclays Bank reported last year, "if the plant director were to walk around the shop floor, he would be unrecognized by the people working there." One of the obstacles to British industrial salvation is the managerial stuffed shirt.

But the unions? They are the greater power, the fifth estate, the bottom line, the central tribulation.

Britain is one of the world's most highly unionized countries. Some ten million workers, or perhaps half the active workforce, are organized—about five million into closed shops without much of an option. The unions themselves enjoy an exemption from most legal action unique in the industrial world. They have pre-empted the managerial prerogative far beyond Western custom, and indulge in perhaps the highest wildcat strike record in the world. The Labor Party is their creation and, in union matters and much besides, does what they want it to do. "Find out what the unions want," former Labor Prime Minister James Callaghan once said, "and give it to them."

Their power is costly, their featherbedding making American make-work look like indentured labor. A recent American report on British industry compared output and standards in two Ford automobile plants *with identical equipment* in Halewood (England) and Saarlouis (West Germany). In Halewood ten thousand workers make eight hundred cars a day; in Saarlouis 7,800 workers make 1,200 cars a day. In Halewood the Escort car is assembled in forty man-hours; in Saarlouis assembly takes 21. Halewood has had twenty strikes this year; in Saarlouis strikes are unknown. In Halewood, the report said, workers were found eating and reading and playing soccer during working hours; in Saarlouis

Mr. Hutchinson, a professor of Industrial Relations in the Graduate School of Management at UCLA, is a visiting professor at the London School of Economics this year.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Don't miss this opportunity to get your *free* copy of the marvelous recording of NR's gala 25th Anniversary celebration — you'll want it to play over and over again (especially for your friends!) — read all about it.

Really, you've never heard anything quite like this one before — all the highlights of *National Review's* grand 25th Anniversary Dinner, collected on one convenient 90-minute cassette-tape recording. It's great fun, and inspiring too (it will have you laughing heartily one minute, and make you want to stand up and cheer the next!). You'll hear for yourself all the fun and glitter, from the opening barbs of Toastmaster M. Stanton Evans to Bill Buckley's moving *finale*. The guest speakers include such luminaries as Clare Boothe Luce, George Will, William Rusher, and Jeffrey Hart — and there are delightful musical interludes (Rosalyn Tureck playing Bach, and Dick Wellstood playing jazz piano).

You can get your own copy of this fabulous tape-cassette — FREE — simply by subscribing (or extending your current subscription) to *National Review* at the current $24 yearly rate. Just return the handy card opposite this page, along with your payment (sorry: we can't afford additional billing costs on this offer — the cassette itself is worth $9.95 and you get that *free* — with the considerable postage and handling charges paid by us — so you save quite a lot). We'll send you this coveted tape recording P.D.Q.

We've got lots of great stuff coming up in the year ahead and you won't want to miss a single issue. This special offer will bring you the next 26 valuable issues of NR plus your FREE Anniversary tape. That's hard to beat. But act now: we have only a limited supply of these tapes. Make sure *you* get your copy. Act today.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

every man was working "hard on his job." The report found no improvement in the British plant since the publication four years before of separate critical studies made by the London *Sunday Times* and the Cabinet "think tank." As in Ford, so elsewhere. "All of the problems I have in Halewood," said Ford Europe Vice President William Hayden, ". . . are symbolic of British industry."

So it seems. Despite great reductions in manpower and some increases in productivity in manufacturing during the Thatcher years, Britain excels mainly in labor costs. In ten years British labor costs have much more than doubled, while in West Germany they have risen only 20 per cent and in Japan almost not at all. In the five Labor years before Mrs. Thatcher they rose almost 90 per cent, compared to 45 per cent in France, to 36 per cent in the United States, and to 2 per cent in Japan. Now the Bank of England claims that in the last two years—despite a loss of one-fifth of uncompetitive manufacturing capacity—unit labor costs have climbed by almost 40 per cent compared to an average of 12 per cent among Britain's chief competitors, and that any sustained improvement in Britain's international abilities will require near-zero wage increases for some years. Now the British Trades Union Congress (their AFL-CIO) has come out against any wage restraint at all, and the unions at British Leyland (the nationalized automobile company) have recently taken their employer to the brink of bankruptcy by refusing its last wage offer. The system seems locked in reverse.

So much is calamitous. The rest may be worse.

British labor has historically been a constitutionalist institution—reluctant in its early days to be politicized at all, dragged into founding the Labor Party in 1900 by adverse court decisions, socialist but not expropriationist on the political side, patriotic both industrially and nationally in the final test, a partner in the nation and a buttress of the Realm, a co-founder of NATO and the anti-Communist International Confederation of Free Trade Unions, parliamentarian and loyalist and British almost to the core; but not any longer.

Far eerier than industrial decline is the prospect of a dead constitution. The economic bane but political blessing of postwar Britain has been the alternation of Labor and Conservative governments with opposing programs but common constitutional assumptions, of malevolence on the hustings but fraternity in the corridors. The contestants were joint custodians of their House.

Now, with the rise of the Marxist Left in the Labor Party —for whom Parliament is not supreme but servant, not deliberative but ratifying, not the voice of the people but the audience of the party—the grand ceremonies of consensus might be dying. What 1984 represents in British politics—what it is the duty of the Conservatives and the new Liberal/Social Democratic Alliance to confront—is not so much the repetition of the dreary round as the coming of the great divide. British parliamentary traditions might be in for their hardest test since the seventeenth century.

The Labor Party is a lopsided thing, in organization one of the least representative parties on earth. Ninety per cent of its voting members are unionists, enrolled through a not-quite-voluntary and hopelessly unreflective political levy. They are not normally consulted on their political preferences, but their dues are used in block votes in party conferences.

The remaining 10 per cent of the members are mainly in the constituency parties. The unions roll over the constituencies in per-capita card votes, but many issues are decided on a show of hands. The constituencies are mainly white-collar in representation, constitute a numerical majority in conference, are loud on the floor and often decisive on policy, and they nominate and increasingly dominate Members of Parliament. They have determined the party's complexion in recent years, and have been infiltrated by the revolutionary Left.

Until a few years ago the Labor Party had a "proscribed

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

list" of organizations whose members could not join the party. The list included the Communist Party and its many satellites and competitors. Then, itself under increasing Marxist influence, the Labor Party's National Executive Committee abolished the list, and in came the far Left.

The Communist Party has pressed its suit, calling for left-wing unity against the Thatcher government and the Alliance, for an end to the ban on Communists voting in Labor Party meetings, and for Communist Party affiliation with the Labor Party. Communist union officials, dominant or influential in perhaps 15 major unions, already vote on Labor Party matters in their unions over endorsements and delegations and political instructions. The embrace tightens. "In every city," the Party has announced, "Communists should take the initiative with Labor Party constituency organizations, trade unions, and shop stewards' committees in establishing unity organizations [for] a Labor Party government of the Left fully accountable to working people and their organizations."

Accountability—not to Parliament or the voters, but to the Party—is the informing doctrine. It has changed the face and body of British politics.

The purpose is control. "The party organization," Trotsky wrote to Lenin in 1904, "substitutes itself for the party, the central committee substitutes itself for the organization, and finally a 'dictator' substitutes itself for the central committee." In the British Labor Party the revolutionaries already have a national and powerful organization, weighty in the homes and at the polls, soft at the periphery and center, acceptable to the public, and ripe for control for purposes not flaunted before the people. Why bother founding another?

There are some 25 extra-parliamentary groups on the far Left, mainly Trotskyist in coloration and with a derisory but devout membership, all engaged in Trotsky's game of "entryism" or infiltration, and financed by whom the world knows not precisely.

The largest Trotskyist group is the Militant Tendency, which controls or influences an unknown but obviously considerable number of constituency organizations, publishing a paper called the *Militant* which costs more to produce than the entire constituency party revenue of the Labor Party. Another is the Workers Revolutionary Party, adorned by Vanessa Redgrave and also the publisher of a daily newspaper; but the WRP is an honest whore and pays regular court to Colonel Qaddafi of Libya, who recently received Comrade Redgrave in fine style. The WRP does less infiltrating than the Tendency, seems to be more indulgent of heavy street work, and summered in the 1981 inner-city riots with walkie-talkies. "There should be no doubt," says General Secretary Sidney Weighell of the National Union of Railwaymen, "of [the Trotskyist] determination to convert the Labor Party into a Bolshevik-style organization, paving the way for physical confrontation in the streets."

The darling of the entryists is the *aristo* Anthony Wedgwood Benn, MP, or "Tony" to his comrades in the fey proletarian style. A handsome hereditary peer who after accession fought his way back to the Commons, a fine orator with a tendency to spit, an erratic administrator in Labor Cabinets with a taste for blame and evasion, a blandisher who can

Tony Benn would 'shoulder a rifle' against the Russians. One had visions of unilateral flintlock re-armament, but it passed

dress up little Red caucuses as *vox populi* and an engineered conference majority as both mandate and moral obligation, he is nonetheless a first-class organizer of demons and thus the architect of the constitutional changes in the Labor Party which have forced MPs to share with the unions and the constituencies the right to choose their parliamentary leader and have given local caucuses the power to dump disobedient MPs.

He has also changed the party platform, forcing the moderates to move to the left, putting the party in lockstep with the Communists on wholesale nationalization and renationalization without compensation, on high wages and high tariffs, for abolition of the House of Lords and thus the only constitutional restraint on the House of Commons, for unilateral nuclear disarmament, for withdrawal from the European Community, for the denial of missile bases in the United Kingdom to the United States, and—judging by Michael Foot's euphoria after his chat in September with Leonid Brezhnev—all for gullibility on the Russian grand design.

"Capitalism is crumbling, comrades," he told a recent audience during a stock-market tumble. The courtesy is to concede his professed love for parliamentary institutions, but all the evidence is that if he can he will institute a siege economy and single-chamber government and strip the island of its capacity for self-defense. It is not necessary to question his love of a country whose cottage industry he would do much to restore, or his pride of State. Indeed he announced at the last party conference that if the Russians landed he would shoulder a rifle against them. One had visions of unilateral flintlock re-armament, but it passed. The defense of the Realm, like sanctity of the mind or constitutional government, is not Benn's ruling passion. He prefers to muse in public, after the Bloomsbury fashion during the Third Reich, on the basic intelligence of mainland maniacs. In private he must if of sound mind know that the most tireless and effective of his followers reek of the Vichy stables, if not like Trojan mares.

Benn was defeated last month for the deputy leadership of the Labor Party and will probably be denied a place in the Labor Shadow Cabinet; but Benn and his lieges are set to gain steadily in the constituencies and could soon take effective control of the parliamentary Labor Party, with already-public plans to control it from outside. The burden of their program is a contempt for parliamentary government. It is creed among the revolutionaries who infest the constituency parties, raise their fists in Red salute at Labor Party gatherings, and do not hesitate to intimidate. It shows in the silence on the constitutional dilemma on the part of all but a handful of trade-union officials and Labor MPs. And it suppurates on the green Westminster benches in the crude mut-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The far Left sets the pace. Iran might seem a peaceful monastery garden in contrast to the emerging British establishment

tering and parliamentary hooliganism of the Red debris: they stand out in well-remembered style, evocative in their coarseness and discourtesy, the biddies and brawlers of a future Reichstag of the Left.

There is a paralyzing dimension to the problem. Communist-led construction unions threatened this summer to immobilize a number of military sites by strike action. Striking civil-service unions boasted that by striking submarine bases they had nullified the British nuclear commitment to NATO. Printers have refused to set type for texts they do not like. Local government workers are refusing to administer policies they do not like. The Trotskyists were marshaling black forces in the inner-city riots in the summer. Black leaders are now attending meetings of the IRA, and may be consorting with international terrorist groups. A clear bias toward the IRA seems to be developing on the far Left of the Labor Party. The far Left sets the pace.

Modern technology has given to modern trade unionism the power to strangle a system it does not want to work. What might emerge in Britain with worsening unemployment—and perhaps as an intolerable burden on customary due process—is a marriage of black anger, the jugular strike, the terrorist capacity, and the revolutionary purpose. What paralyzes is the prospect that such an alliance might be part of an emerging British establishment. In such a case Iran might seem a peaceful monastery garden.

What next for Britain? The voice of North-West Croydon has been heard in the parties' headquarters. The new Liberal/Social Democratic Alliance has won a long-time Tory seat in the House of Commons, with Labor a low third. If the country votes in Croydon proportions at the next election the Alliance will have an Egyptian majority.

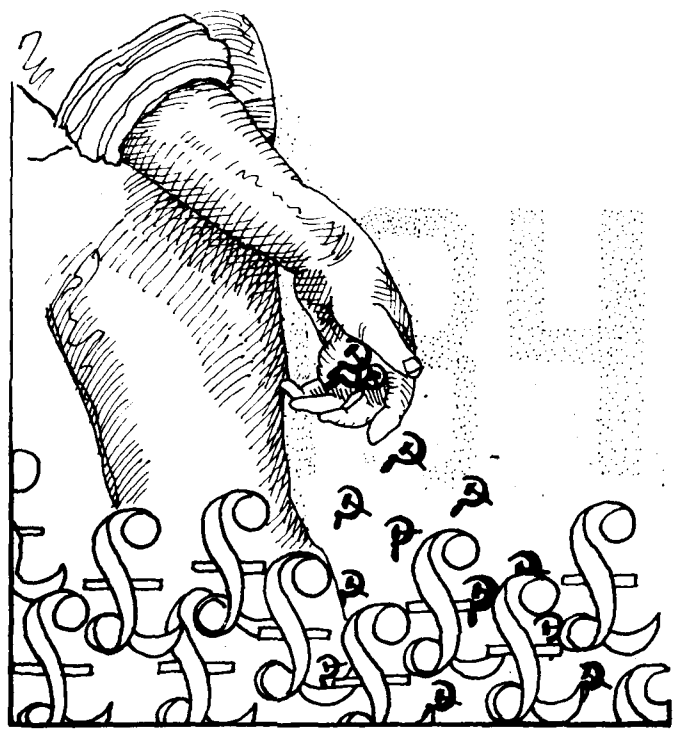
But the Alliance's main strength in its young life, as Labor moderate Peter Shore has said, is its novelty and imprecision. "I voted for the Alliance," an old Croydon lady said, "to clean up the streets and bring back the rope"; but the Alliance is less than hot on law and order, and will hang only Christmas stockings. It is already split between real Liberals and recent Socialists on public spending, and between its hawkish leaders and a large little-England rank-and-file on nuclear disarmament. Nobody knows with any clarity what the Alliance represents except perhaps a longing for continuity and fraternity, an impatience with old faces and the deadly round, a pause in the law of averages. "Croydon," a wag remarked, "may be the first election ever where the 'don't knows' won." The Alliance might indeed break the British political mold—it is running up a string of knockouts in local government elections—but 1984 is a chasm away. By that time the Alliance might seem less of a magic carpet than a patchwork quilt.

The Labor Party is in shock, by common assumption at one of the lowest ebbs in the polls since pre-war days; but it has an organizational base and an old and instinctive constituency, and in one recent poll (November 15) is on the heels of the Alliance and ahead of the Tories in the public affections. It has time before the next general election to take a bath and powder its nose and flirt with the public as in its days as a constitutional alternative, but now with the far Left in the saddle. 1984 is not too near for a skillful courtesan to win.

The party will promise everything and postpone the bill. In any case it already commands—at the bottom of its fortunes but with rising unemployment and nuclear fears especially among the young—not only the votes of loyalists and schemers but more support among the under-25s than the Alliance and the Conservatives put together. Such also is the distribution of constituency boundaries and voting patterns in Britain that the Labor Party needs to retrieve less than 10 per cent of its lost support to rule the House of Commons; it could also win an absolute majority of the House with less than 25 per cent of the electorate in support. Three and a half million on the dole by 1984 could put it swiftly back to work on the bright Red revolution.

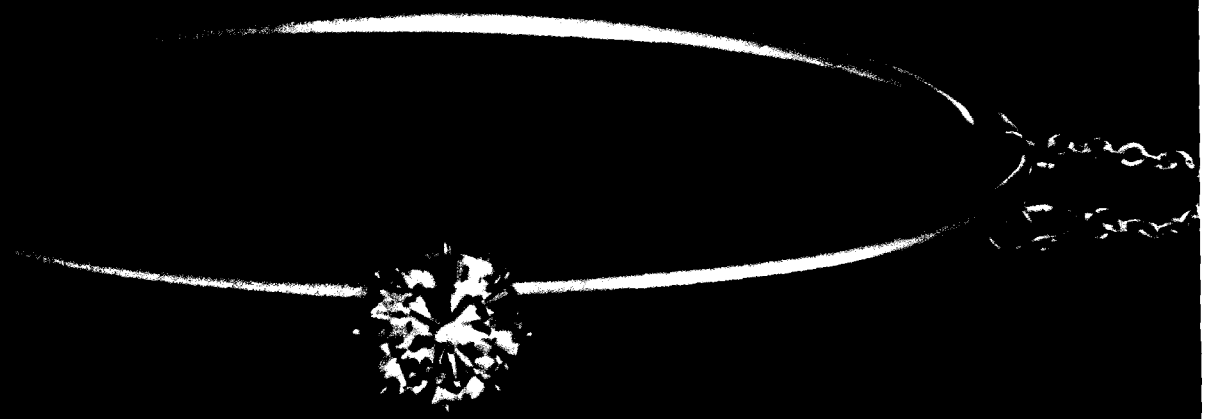
Both the Conservatives and the Alliance will labor hard to produce a formula for jobs without unpopular inflation. No plan will cut the numbers much before the election, so its authors will have to pray for plausibility. But there is a step which only a Thatcher government can take in time, and which might change both the rules and the odds of the game and save both economy and constitution.

British trade unionism has become both a leash on prosperity and the chief pillar of the menacing Left. But British workers are a conservative breed, not much interested in the socialism for which they have to foot the bill. They are not —especially on political matters—much in charge of their unions, many of which are run by tenured men with great internal patronage. If British trade union members were given effective control of their organizations they might well make short work of the far Left in their affairs.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

She can't wear a Ming vase to La Bohème.



Born out of fire and ice more than a hundred million years ago. Every diamond is unique. But a diamond this large is even more precious. A gift so rare, it can never be measured. Until you see the look in her eyes.

THE DIAMOND SOLITAIRE.
A RARE GIFT.

The [illegible] shown is enlarged for detail.

A diamond is forever. De Beers

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The secret ballot is the means, already used to purifying effect against the Left in engineering and electrical and public-service unions. It is not the most common device in British labor organizations. The Transport and General Workers Union—Britain's largest union and a steady drifter to the left at the side of Anthony Wedgwood Benn against the evident preferences of its members—elects by secret ballot (for life) only its chief executive, who in turn controls the *appointment* of all the hundreds of full-time representatives in the union.

Close variants of the arrangement are common. Great variations between the political and economic choices of union leaders and members, however, are a matter of course and record. They extend, nowadays, to the heart of the realm. If British trade unionists were given by law the secret ballot on the closed shop, strike votes, union elections, and political action they could change the course of British industrial and political history.

It would take an act of political and perhaps personal courage to engage the high command of British labor in such a battle, to re-constitutionalize trade unionism against an opposition endeared to privilege, determined on power, and possibly capable of ransoming the nation for its purposes. But the reform would command grass-roots support, end the Labor Party as a Red convenience, and protect both a new economy and ancient institutions. It could also meet the country's need, more manifest by the day, for common cause and higher ground. Married to other means for industrial recovery, it could win the field in 1984.

The nation needs a beckoning. Who speaks for Britain? □

OPEN QUESTION

the Open Book Memorial

NORMAN B. HANNAH

THE PLANNED Vietnam Veterans' Memorial was unveiled in mock-up form at a press conference in Washington on Wednesday, October 28. The memorial will be a polished black granite wall consisting of two panels joined at the center in a 130° angle. Ten feet high at the apex, the wall tapers into gently rising earth at each end. The names of the dead and missing will be inscribed in the order of their death or disappearance. The list will be headed by the inscribed year "1961" and an appropriate prologue of honor to "those who served in the Vietnam War." It will be concluded with the inscribed year "1975" and an epilogue to the courage, sacrifice, and devotion of our "Vietnam veterans." The target date for dedication is November 11, 1982. It will, *pace* NATIONAL REVIEW's premature evaluation of it ["Stop That Monument," Sept. 18], be beautiful, imposing, and fitting.

Some have sought to read a special symbolism into the angled design, seeing a "V" for Vietnam or for victory, the inverted "V" of the Vietnam protest, or a non-com's chevron. This is all fevered imagining. After the press conference I asked the charming 21-year-old artist, Miss Maya Yang Lin, what she had in mind when she drew that angle. For her—an artist—it was very simple. Given the size and location of the plot of land and the requirements of balance, she had to choose a center point and an angle that would cause the two wings to point, respectively, toward the Washington Monument and the Lincoln Memorial. There is something appealing about such austere, principled simplicity.

WE WHO are not artists but have a principled interest in the Vietnam War could follow her example in applying the simplest, most austere symbolism to the memorial. For me, it came as a flash with the unveiling of the ten-foot-high mock-up of the central angle, with 1961 and the prologue, 1975 and the epilogue, and four illustrative columns of names. The memorial is clearly an "open book" in which Americans can not only honor their dead but see the Vietnam War in the stream of our history. In proclaiming their respect for truth and history, Americans set a principled contrast to the Orwellian silences enforced by some countries, not to mention some people in this country.

We have no Katyn Forest or Babi Yar silences rotting under our soil. We do not have a million political prisoners rotting silently, as Hanoi's Foreign Minister once inadvertently admitted Vietnam had. We do not have thousands of "boat people" silently resting on the bottom of our seas, as there are off the coast of Vietnam. We have not reduced a fifth of our population to perpetual silence, as the obscene Pol Pot did in Cambodia, followed by the puppet Vietnamese regime in Phnom Penh. Our book will be open a year from now on the Mall.

We scorn the obscene, selective silence of those Americans who loudly abused our dead when they were fighting, like Ramsey Clark and Jane Fonda, but who are silent today in the face of Communist abominations in Hanoi's Indochina. Unspeakable abominations which William Kunstler expressly refused to condemn, saying he "never criticizes socialist states."

This is the "open book" memorial. That is what it looks like, and that is what it means. We have much to learn about the Indochina experience, but it is all "an open book." And the memorial makes our honored dead - people of that book.

Americans can read this book under the gaze of Abraham Lincoln and reflect on his words at Gettysburg:

"From these honored dead we take increased devotion." □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE ETHICS OF ENTERPRISE

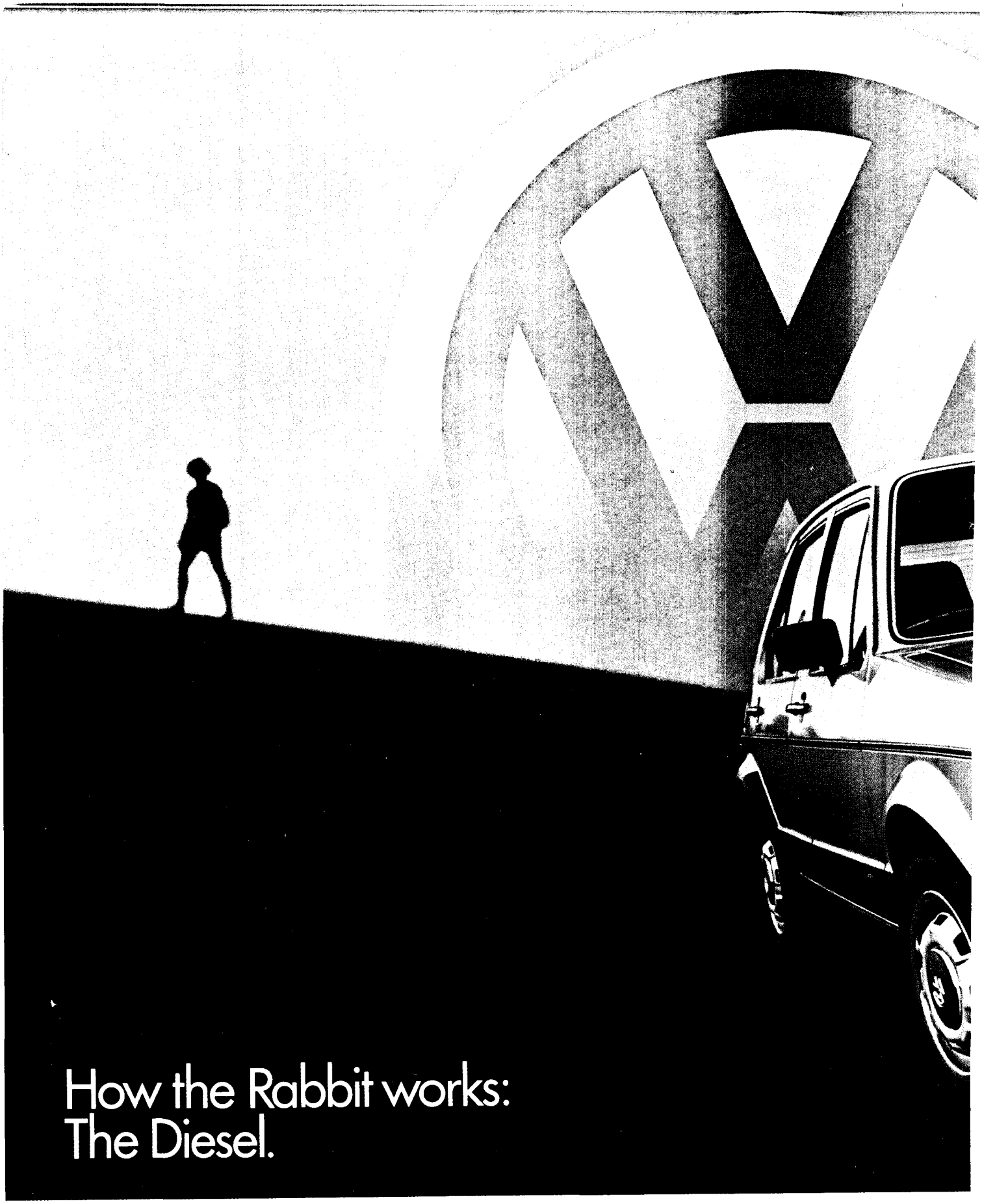
" The work ethic embraces far more than pride in craftsmanship. It involves a recognition that economic self-reliance is an essential element of human dignity. Self-esteem is available only to those who earn their own way. The exact opposite of this commitment to self-reliance is the conviction that the government owes to every citizen food, clothing, housing, paid vacations, cost-of-living clauses, symphony orchestras, ballet performances, and protection against every possible peril. The welfare-state ideology proclaims the citizen's right to all these things. This prevalent view is the reef on which private enterprise has run aground, possibly to its ultimate destruction. There is simply no way that the government can procure sufficient funds through taxes, bonds, and inflation to deliver on that foolish expectation. The welfare state, in contrast to charity for those in extreme circumstances, is not only an impossible dream, it is an economically devastating nightmare."

Dr. John A. Howard
President
The Rockford Institute
Rockford, Illinois

What are you doing about this?

MILLIKEN & COMPANY
TEXTILE LEADERSHIP THROUGH RESEARCH

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



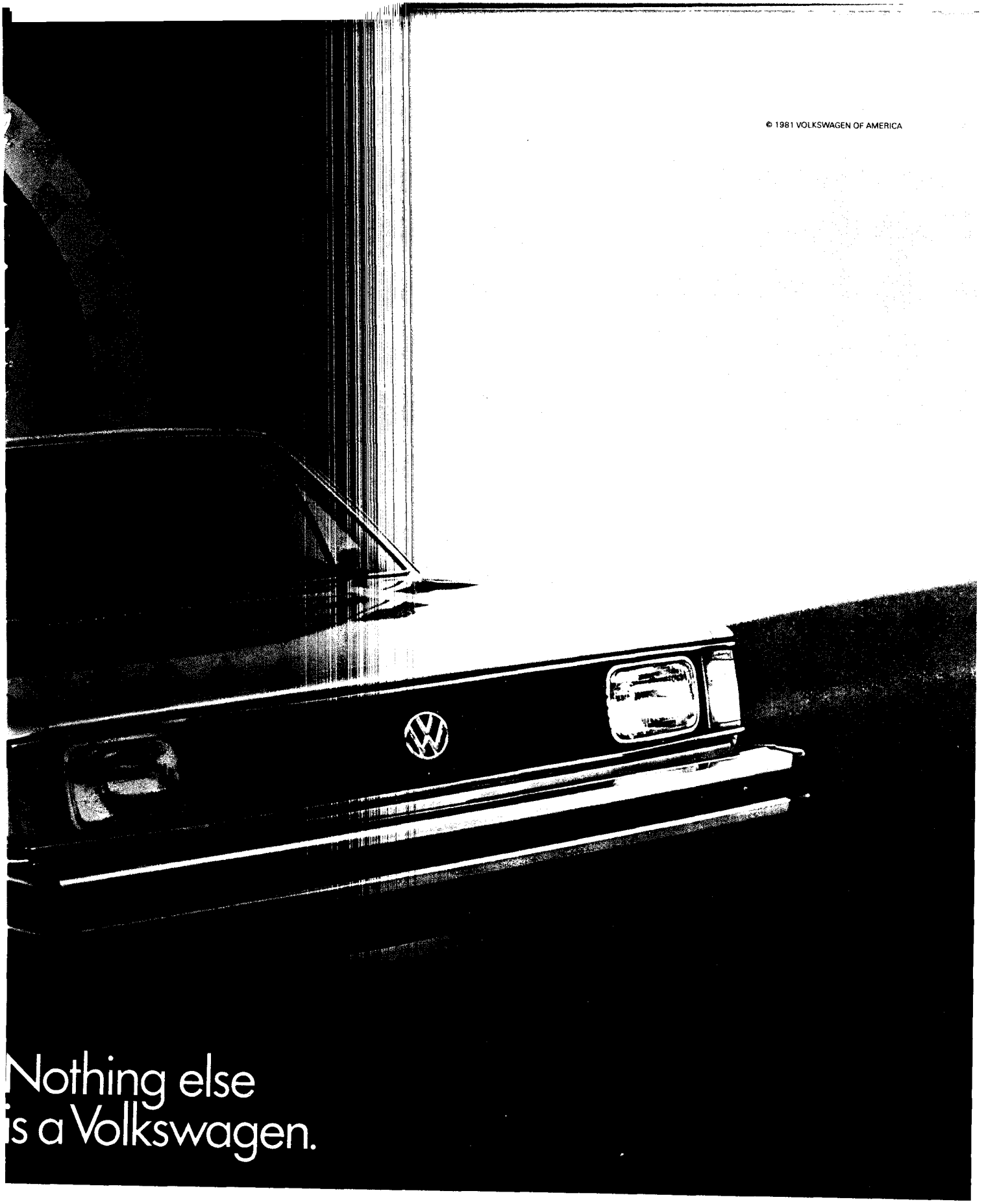
How the Rabbit works: The Diesel.

Oil is a natural liquid-energy storage system created by the slow decomposition of organic matter buried under hundreds of tons of pressure for 200 million years. Prudence dictates that we use it sparingly.

The 1982 Volkswagen Rabbit with its diesel engine not only accomplishes that goal admirably, it does it better than any other car on the road.*

Its engine operates on Rudolf Diesel's principle of compression ignition. That is, fuel, injected into a cylinder filled with hot compressed air, ignites instantly. And it doesn't need spark plugs, coils or a distributor.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



© 1981 VOLKSWAGEN OF AMERICA

Nothing else is a Volkswagen.

But the Rabbit has features that would impress even Dr. Diesel. It has a faster 7 sec. glow plug warm-up time, a unique upshift light that tells you exactly when to shift for optimum mileage, and an incredibly light engine that gives the car excellent pickup and passing power.

Add that to front-wheel drive, rack-and-pinion steering, and all the other details found on a Rabbit and you wind up with a diesel that behaves like a Volkswagen.

And nothing short of one.

*EPA estimated 45 mpg, 58 highway estimate. (Use "estimated mpg" for comparisons. Your mileage may vary with weather, speed and trip length. Actual highway mileage will probably be less.)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTER FROM RICHMOND

Democratic Comeback

ROSS MACKENZIE

IN CONTEMPLATING the Virginia gubernatorial election, you have to start with what the lady down the street calls "a true fact": Virginia is the most responsibly conservative state in the nation. For the 13 years beginning in 1968, that conservatism was expressed via candidates fielded by the Republican Party; during that period, Virginia was the *only* state not to elect a Democratic governor or senator and not to go Democratic in a presidential election. In each of those elections, the candidate perceived as the more conservative prevailed.

So what happened this year? The gubernatorial race was won by Charles Robb. Not only is he a Democrat; he also happens to be the son-in-law of the late Lyndon Johnson, whose memory is uncherished by many Virginians. Robb won big, and for a number of reasons (in addition to the massive black vote he received: 97 per cent). Among them:

First, the man is right out of central casting—macho handsome, deep voice, straight-on earnest eye contact: the whole schtick. He has that certain star quality—a quality made possible for him, as it was for Virginia's Republican Senator John Warner, by his wife. As Senator Warner probably would not be where he is today if he had not been launched toward that orbit as Mr. Elizabeth Taylor, so Chuck Robb probably would not have been elected lieutenant governor, and now Virginia's first Democratic governor in 16 years, if he were not the husband of Lynda Bird Johnson.

Coleman Blew It

Second, Robb neatly confused whatever distinctions there might have been between himself and Republican Marshall Coleman on the issues. In this Robb was aided by an apparently congenital inability to make himself clear when he opens his mouth. A Robb statement on practically anything is like a MacNelly cartoon: a caricature of a man speaking, with a huge balloon over him containing countless words saying absolutely nothing. Trying to pin down Chuck Robb is like trying to pick up wet watermelon seeds.

But there *were* issue distinctions in this race, significant distinctions, and on every one Coleman had the better position: the Voting Rights Act, tuition tax credits, dues check-offs, affirmative action, postcard registration, unemployment, minority set-asides, right-to-work, the D.C. Amendment, taxes, state employment, and the Reagan economic program. On the last, Robb was characteristically all over the map: at various times he was for the President's program, against it, and ambivalent about it. What's more, Robb had supported just about every left-wing loser seeking statewide office in Virginia during the past five years. He backed the gubernatorial candidacy four years ago of Virginia's own howlin' Henry Howell, a sometime populist, and he twice supported Jimmy Carter.

Robb ran a superb campaign. And he was helped by an opponent probably abler and clearly brighter, yet who had problems. The past actions of one of Coleman's ticket-mates elicited conflict-of-interest charges that kept up a daily drumbeat of negative news. Coleman himself, a candidate of jugular reputation, never seemed to ignite—never seemed able to go effectively on the attack. Finally, Coleman suffered from "Bush's Syndrome."

Surveying the political landscape several years ago, George Bush concluded that if he wanted to win, then he'd better run as a conservative. He quickly found himself up against a superior campaigner in Ronald Reagan, as Coleman may have been up against a superior campaigner in Robb. And the voters found in Bush no ring of deeply held conservative belief. Though the words were there, the conviction was not. He lacked the requisite passion, that certain indefinable something.

Similarly with Coleman this year. Several polls showed that most of the conservative independent voters who decide Virginia's statewide elections believed themselves to be philosophically closer to Coleman than to Robb. Coleman nevertheless was dogged by voter suspicion that his conservatism was insufficiently—or insincerely—felt. As the campaign went along, observation of Coleman called to mind the quote from John Marquand's 1955 novel *Sincerely, Willis Wayde*: "I try to be sincere, really I do. But sometimes it's a problem *how* to be sincere."

This year's gubernatorial race in Virginia (the only other such race was in New Jersey) was not a referendum on Ronald Reagan. It was a referendum on Marshall Coleman. In fuzzing the distinctions wherever he could, Robb deftly denied Coleman the opportunity to lay easy claim to the title of "the more conservative candidate." Like so much else in this election, the claim to that title was in dispute. The voters took the measure of Coleman, and found him wanting.

Watch Him Go Left

So now Chuck Robb and Lynda Bird will take up residence in Virginia's Executive Mansion, there to be regularly visited, no doubt, by Lady Bird. As one writer of a letter to a Virginia newspaper said, the state capitol "needs no more Birds. We already have enough pigeons." And the new governor will move toward the natural Democratic constituency—the Left. If I have my guess, the conservatism imputed to Chuck Robb will be short-lived—as it was in the case of someone described by Robb as "a terribly able person," Jimmy Carter. Mr. Carter initially made his national reputation as a conservative, but there were some who knew better early on—and the rest learned soon enough.

The shrewd Mr. Reagan put it well when he ventured to Virginia to campaign for Coleman: "As an ex-Democrat myself, I never cease to be amazed at how conservative liberals can sound during election years." Having elected themselves a conservative-sounding liberal, it remains to be seen whether Virginians' infatuation with Mr. Ideal will survive his first year in office. □

Mr. Mackenzie is editor of the editorial page of the Richmond News Leader *and a syndicated columnist.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COLLECTORS' ITEMS: BECAUSE ROYAL TARA IS THE ONLY BONE CHINA THAT HAS EVER BEEN MADE IN IRELAND

In recent years, Ireland has been looked to for the very finest in lead crystal – with such internationally respected names as Waterford, Belleek and Irish Dresden. Few lovers or collectors of such treasures of Irish handicraft, however, have had the good fortune to come upon the graceful, delicate and *only* bone china made in Ireland known as Royal Tara.

This rare and unique collectible not only has the distinction of being the only bone china made in Ireland but is made in limited amount and is not sold, as is so much china made elsewhere, as tableware. Instead it is available as tea ware, as sugar bowls and creamers, as bud vases, trinket boxes, candlesticks and even as thimbles. Moreover, it is made in only three distinctive patterns – Trellis Shamrock, Blue Cornflower and Galway Rose.

Many who trace their ancestry to Ireland and who have returned to refresh their relationship with the "ould sod" have come upon Royal Tara in fine china shops in Dublin and elsewhere. To make Royal Tara easier to come by, the Irish Collectors' Society has imported selected pieces which can be ordered from this page.

We are confident you will find Royal Tara as satisfying to own as those fortunate few who came upon it in Ireland on a fondly remembered visit.

If you wish to order one or more of the items pictured, the order blank below contains full instructions for doing so. Each piece is guaranteed against breakage and if you find as much as a slight chip, the item, upon return to the Irish Collectors' Society within one week of delivery, will be replaced and shipped without cost.

Irish Collectors' Society, Dept. RT-8
62 Eastview Avenue • Pleasantville, NY 10570

I am hereby ordering, in the Trellis Shamrock pattern shown, the following: _____6-cup teapot(s) at $49.00 each, _____2-cup teapot(s) at $30.00 each, _____cup(s) and saucer(s) at $15.00 the pair, and _____vase(s) 107 at $48.00 each. My check ( ) money order ( ) includes an additional $3.00 for handling and shipping. Or charge my Amex ( ) Visa ( ) Master Charge ( ) card Number _____ expiring _____.
(In New York State add 5% sales tax.)

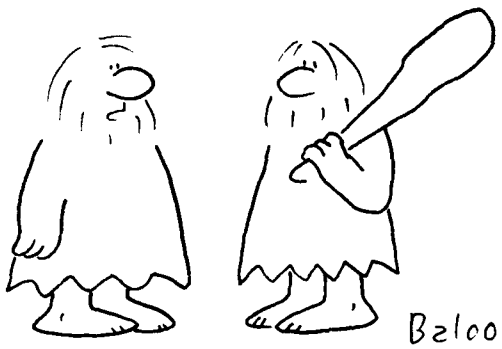
Name _____

Address _____

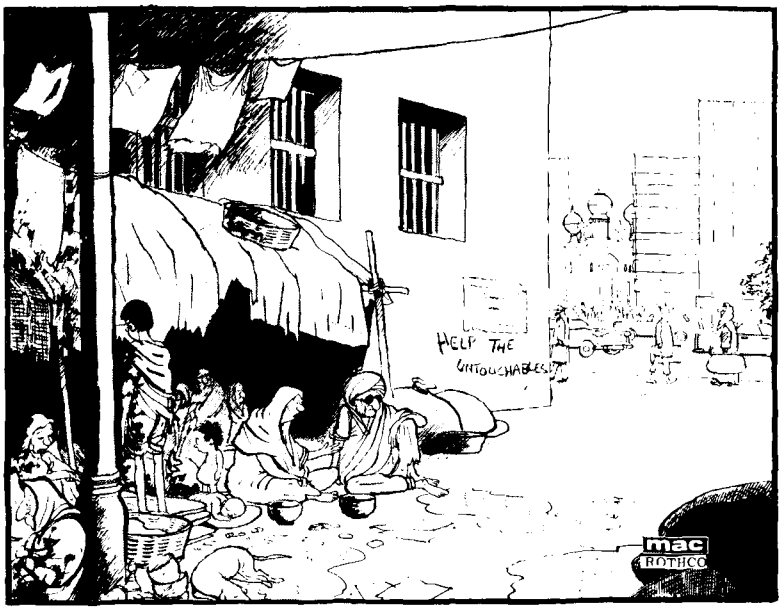
City, State, Zip _____

For faster service call toll-free 800-228-2029.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

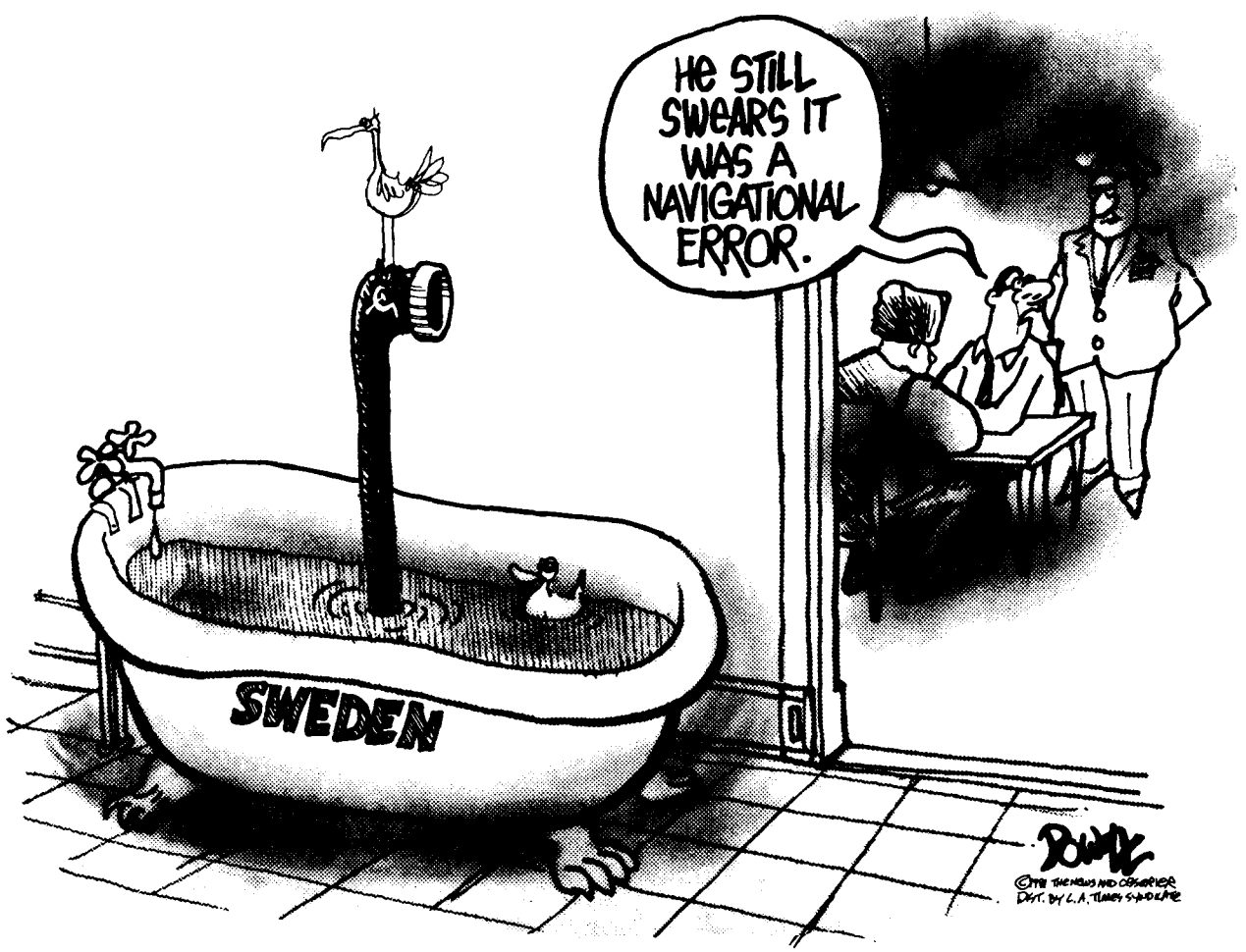


"The trouble with Thanksgiving is that afterward, you eat leftover pterodactyl for a month."



Mac, *Daily Mail* Rothco

"I understand what 'caste system' means, but what's this 'apartheid' Mrs. Gandhi is so worried about?"



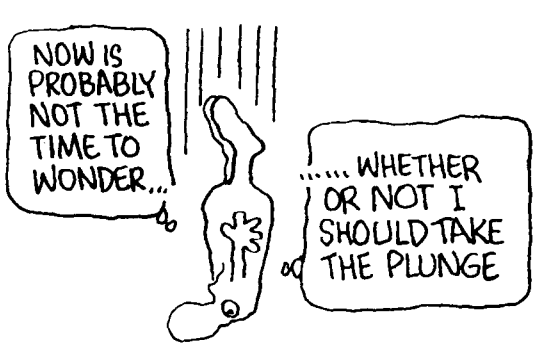
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

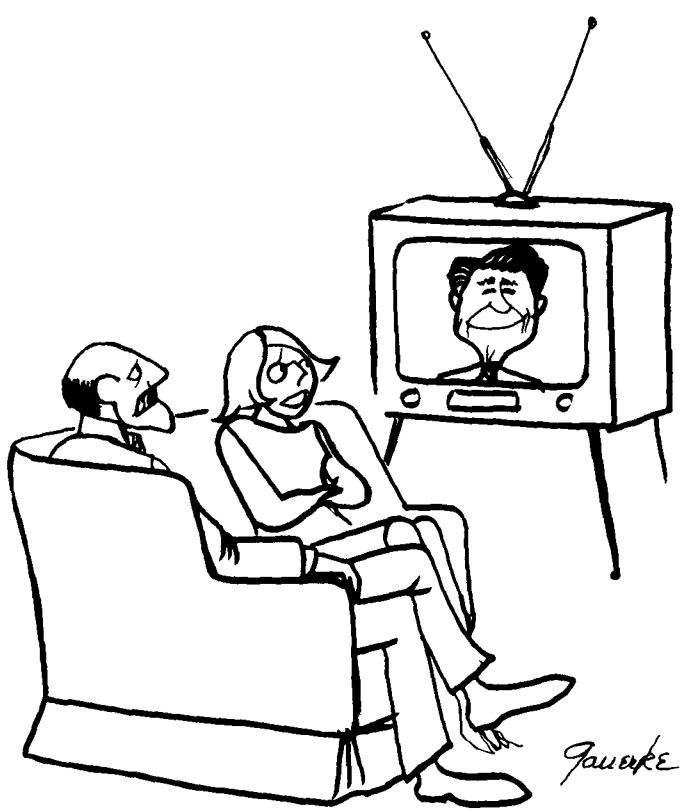
BROOKINS
RICHMOND TIMES-DISPATCH
©1981 FIELD ENTERPRISES, INC.
REAGANOMICS
We Have a LIFTOFF!!
See... I TOLD YOU IT WOULDN'T WORK!... He Hasn't Reached His DESTINATION YET!!

Ancient History

Let's see, it began in the Rhineland,
With *Anschluss* of Austria next.
Sudetenland followed, then Neville,
With "peace in our time" as his text.
With Poland invaded, the British—
But surely you've read this before.
Apparently students in Europe
Consider the subject a bore.

W. H. VON DREELE





"You go ahead and communicate with him. I can never forgive him for shoving Ginger Rogers across the room."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FETUS OR BABY?

Secular Infallibility

FRANK ZEPEZAUER

He performs the ritual every minute. A blur of spinning ball enters a mystic zone for an instant, and an instant later he raises his right hand to announce, solemnly, "Strike three!" The batter may hurl his bat down and kick dust, may scowl, plead, argue, or threaten. His manager may flame out of the dugout and leap like Baryshnikov around the stolid figure at the plate. Fifty thousand fans may shake the heavens as they scream for his blood. But, with or without protest, amidst the fury of indignation or the passivity of stunned silence, the decision of the man behind the plate will stand.

I regard the umpire's irrevocable decision as a handy example of secular infallibility, the voice of absolute command in liberal and liberated democracies. Similar examples of ultimate decision confront us daily in our economic and political as well as our sporting lives. At a time when absolutes annoy us, why does secular infallibility, our contemporary secret, provide so much comfort, and papal infallibility, our contemporary embarrassment, provoke so much outrage?

Let's look further at the tranquilizing power of the umpire's decision. It puts our minds at rest because it stabilizes a game constantly threatening to fly apart over issues beyond precise resolution. A ball sailing over the center-field wall excites no quarrel. One slithering along the foul line may throw two cities into ferocious battle. Thus, we turn to human judgment and invest it with final authority. At a legendary moment, for example, in the bottom of the ninth, with home-team runners filling the bases in hopes of bringing in a tying run, and the count at 3 and 2, the pitcher throws a fast-breaking curve to the outside corner which the batter lets pass. Two possibilities compete: ball four, and the batter becomes a hero whose steel nerves pushed in a tying run; or strike three, and he retires in ignominy, a member of a defeated team.

In that mini-second of tense possibility, as the ball streaks through that problematic corner, not obviously over or beyond the plate, the umpire decides —instantly, assertively, inflexibly—and then we relax even if we hate the decision. It could have been a ball or a strike. He calls it a strike. The scorekeeper scratches his mark; the sportswriter completes his sentence; the players abandon the field; the groundkeepers roll out the tarpaulins; the fans glumly depart. Years hence we will read about the local stalwart who watched a ball sail past him at a moment when he could have pummeled it to glory, a fact inscribed indelibly in the records, as indisputable as an earthquake, even though it depended on one man's judgment, perhaps only his arbitrary will.

For practical purposes we grant his judgment a secular infallibility even as we recognize its limitations. He might deliver too many controversial calls and find himself back in the minors, but his decision will remain untouched, part of an accomplished past. In baseball not even winning or losing counts as much as reaching a decision. So it must be. The logos which carved order out of chaos began with a command; and will, divine or human, maintains it.

They Speak. We Accept

We often run across umpires in our out-of-ballpark lives. Every day some decision-maker affixes a grade to a paper, a seal to a warrant, a signature to an order. Each, we assume, follows a rubric shaped by custom, law, politics, and logic, and also, as with the umpire, by the warring intangibles which influence human judgment. As a ball whizzes past a problematic corner, decisions are made that will redirect lives—blocking a student's entry to medical school, or sending a man to jail, or a soldier to his death. We know that mortal uncertainty surrounds the voice of immortal decision; yet we cling to the myth of perfect judgment when we elevate error-prone men and women to Platonic ideas called Professor, Judge, and General. Even when we prolong painful tension through appeal, we affirm an ultimate where the buck will stop.

We have for that reason instituted a Supreme Court of nine men. We know they are merely men, not necessarily the best men or the best judges. We could all name better candidates. But none of that matters, nor even the gossip about infighting in the austere chambers. What matters is that they resolve political tension, even by a vote of 5 to 4, even if the four articulate a better case. And because, for most of us, that's *all* that matters, we bypass the complexity of the deciding process and hurry to the simplicity of its result. They decide. They speak. We accept.

With due reverence we grant that acceptance to the Supreme Court, tolerating, out of republican principle, their magisterial robes and their judicial temple, and yet many of us, Catholics included, do not grant as much to the pope. Of course I strain the comparison. Obvious differences leap up. The Supreme Court determines the laws of a temporal polity even though we hear from time to time that not only civil but natural law governs its thinking. The pope, on the other hand, determines moral law and presumes to speak to all men and women for all time.

But that's not what bothers us. We could defend his presumption as a practical way to resolve theological tension where the alternative is chaos. And we could argue that he defers to a binding rubric: scripture, philosophy, tradition, the lively dialectic of the faithful, the discipline of his prayer and meditation, and the constraints of his holy vows. What bothers us, however, is that in those moments where the rubrics provide no clear direction, sending him and the faithful into spiritual crisis, he asserts that divine will informs human will, transforming his decision into the absolute Voice of God.

We could accept even that much, for

Mr. Zepezauer, chairman of the Department of English at Menlo-Atherton High School in Atherton, California, has published articles in a dozen or more journals.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in America we once cherished an analogous conviction of a divine will revealing Itself ultimately through the push and pull of democratic debate and election. Although even in more religious times it took a leap of faith to hear the Voice of God in the Voice of the People, and the Voice of the People in the Voice of the President or the Congress or the Supreme Court, we still affirm the sanctity of the God-touched individual even when we doubt the existence of God. Thus, we could accept a pope who claimed to speak for the majority of the faithful, or even the majority of the clergy or the College of Cardinals or the Curia, and spoke in humble democratic language about a decision distilled from the minds of his fellow believers rather than imparted directly from the Mind of God.

It is the monarchical image that distresses our democratic and modernist nerves, the image and the candor it provokes, for we really don't mind the idea or the application of infallibility as long as we don't use the word itself. The pope, however, strains our tolerance by asserting that in certain moments he *is* "infallible." He says it out loud, wearing a silly-looking, triple-decker crown in the midst of medieval pomp, says it again and again, to believing Catholics as well as to free-thinkers in Jordache jeans.

Yet these free souls have themselves created a secular individualism where infallibility has assumed a new, but still secret, form, as we see in the decision to abort a human fetus, my final example. According to present abortion law, the individual as decider enjoys ultimate power, for we do not require a potential mother to justify the assertion of her will by any rubric, law, custom, or principle. We would prefer sober deliberation; we urge it upon her, along with counsel and instruction; but she remains free to listen to us or go her own way, answerable to no one, not the father, nor the unborn child, nor her parents, nor the anguished opponents of her act. We venerate that freedom, and we give it primary value: for we don't insist that she decide according to good reasons, only that she determine her own wants, asserting her "right to choose." Many of us find in her choice a tranquilizing resolution of painful ethical tension. She decides. She speaks. We accept.

And by our acceptance of the arbitrary assertion of her will, we also resolve a crucial question: who is and who is not human. We claim the question remains open, beyond ultimate resolution, entangled in intransigent religious opinion. The Supreme Court itself disclaims the power and wisdom to settle it. Yet, we actually resolve the question every moment of the day, a million times a year.

She Speaks. It Dies

Consider. Every pregnant woman must now decide her child's fate. Should she decide to keep it, we protect it and treat it, *from the moment of decision*, as a human being. A recent article, for example, tells how physicians can now help unborn babies. They can alter their nourishing amniotic fluid, inject medication directly into their veins, even operate on their internal organs. But the language of the article tells even more. We learn that in one case this awesome technology was activated because "religious convictions prevented an abortion." Thus informed by the mother's choice about the kind of being they were working with, the physicians began speaking of the fetus as a "little patient," an "unborn infant," a "baby," a "kid." The baby who was the object of the article had gotten sick, and medical science fussed over her problem and eventually cured her, and today the child goes to kindergarten.

But medical science would have remained inert, powerless to save her, had some other conviction governed the mother's choice. Had she chosen to abort, she would immediately have denied the humanity of her unborn child, and, *from the moment of decision*, declared it a non-being—a fertilized egg, a blob of protoplasm, a congeries of fetal matter, an intruder usurping the mother's life-support system—and medical science so informed would have just as efficiently destroyed it.

Thus to the supposedly unresolvable question, "Who can really say when human life begins?" we have an unassailable answer: "The mother says." According to the implications of a decision of the Supreme Court, every child born since January 1973, even those carried by mothers who opposed abortion, owes its humanness to the will of the individual who, at a critical moment of her own life, chose to let it live. We grant the exercise of that will final, irrevocable, and absolute authority. It is, in fact, infallible. □

"If the mother of the inventor of the pill had taken the pill, the pill would never have been invented."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Nation in Flux

From the Continent

ERIK v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

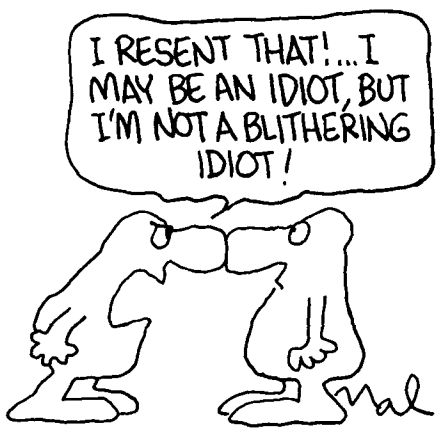
THE RESULTS of the recent parliamentary elections held no great surprise for anyone familiar with the Greek scene. Andreas Papandreou is a dynamic personality who knows how to generate enthusiasm; even more than his father, George, he is a born leader. The causes that he and his Panhellenic Socialist Movement represent are popular too. In envy-ridden Europe, anti-Americanism has always been a good card to play, and, with the possibility of the Old World becoming the battlefield between the U.S. and the USSR, these feelings are intensifying.

But if Greece is quite European in that way, in other ways she, like Britain, feels an apartness from the Continent. ("The mail from Europe has not yet arrived" is a common phrase in any Greek post office.) Although Europe's cultural roots are Hellenic, Greece has always been somehow a part of the Near East, and Greece's entry into the European Economic Community was not popular, nor was her affiliation with NATO.

Perhaps this confusion of identity helps explain the tremendous instability of her governments and the variability of her institutions. Sudden, often tragic, political changes are characteristic in Greece. Consider merely some of the events that have occurred during my lifetime: the murder of King George I; the Allied landing after the defeat at the Dardanelles, which violated Greek neutrality; the renunciation of King Constantine I under Allied pressure; the interim rule of King Andrew, which ended with his sudden death; the return of Constantine; the Allied refusal to give Constantinople to Greece (their *megale idea*); the unfortunate war in Anatolia; King Constantine's second exile; the enormous wave of refugees; the short rule of George II; and the first republic (fraught with crises, revolts, intrigues, and conspiracies), which lasted until 1935. I remember Greek royalist friends in Corfu telling me in 1934 that a restoration of the monarchy was absolutely impossible; it took place, after a plebiscite, one year later. Under George II the dictatorship of Metaxas was established.

At the end of World War II, Greece was controlled by Communist bands. In Athens, only the Kolonaki district and the surrounding areas were still free. The reconquest of the country was arduous and bloody. In 1946, a plebiscite returned George II to the throne, but he died in 1947 and was succeeded by his brother, Paul, who was succeeded in turn by the unprepared Constantine II. The army, alarmed by what they viewed as Constantine's lack of solid leadership and weakness in dealing with the Left, struck and established a military dictatorship—the dictatorship of the Colonels. The King tried a counter-coup, failed, and went into exile—the fourth exile of a Greek king within my lifetime. The Colonels, in turn, gave way to a republic, which is still with us.

All of this is extremely reminiscent of the checkered history of ancient Athens. Although a hot debate still rages over whether the Greeks of today are really the descendants of the ancient Hellenes, one thing is certain: stability has never been a keynote of the peninsula (*graeca fides*—"Greek loyalty"—was a pejorative by-word among the Romans). And it is an error to suppose that "freedom was born in Greece"; the Greek *polis* was thoroughly totalitarian (as Fustel de Coulanges has shown), and so was Athenian democracy. Plato, Socrates's disciple, was rabidly anti-democratic, as was Aristotle, who fled to Chalkis because he felt threatened by a new upsurge of democracy and feared he might share Socrates's fate. Isocrates then hailed the rule of Philip of Macedon for putting an end to the terrible uncertainties of Athenian political life. The democratic interludes in ancient Greece (largely confined to Athens) were dreaded by the philosophers, because each fostered the rise of a *demagogos*, a mob-master, who, after his victory, turned into a tyrant.



Will Papandreou, given his American and Swedish experiences and the reverses he has suffered in the course of his life, become another such tyrant? This is not very likely. Will he foster or ruin the Greek economy? He is an academic economist, but this means very little. Marx was an economist, but neither he nor Lenin produced a viable economic program. Domestic socializing measures will not raise living standards, nor, obviously, will they attract foreign capital.

OF EVEN greater importance for Greece right now than the government's economic policy is its foreign policy—its relations not only with the United States and the European Common Market, but with Turkey and the Arab world. The West has always had great difficulty bringing Greeks and Turks, with all their numerous conflicts, into a common program. Today there is conflict not only over the thorny Cyprus issue (it is an open wound in the Greek national psyche that Turkey, with only 20 per cent of the population, still holds nearly 40 per cent of that island), but over off-shore oil in the Aegean and the treatment of the tiny Greek minority in Turkey. Last but not least there are the NATO military bases and a certain danger (which ought not to be exaggerated) that under Papandreou Greece may turn to the Soviets.

In all likelihood, Papandreou will try to use his position and the political creed of his party in order to bargain. But it is also possible that, instead of trying for a compromise, Papandreou will stick to his program. Does the new premier take into account the three-quarters of a million Greek guest workers in Common Market countries? Heaven only knows. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Here's how you can make a Conservative out of someone you know

Put **National Review** in his hands. It's about the quickest way you can find to turn a **potential** conservative into an **actual** conservative. We know, because many of our regular subscribers have been doing just that for years with great success. Of course, we don't expect you to brave hail or high water to do it — we'll be more than happy to take care of that part ourselves. What we **can't** do is locate these potential conservatives. We don't know who they are but **you** do. They're your friends, relatives, neighbors, business and social acquaintances. Think about it for a moment, right now. Pick someone you know (who doesn't already get NR) who thinks pretty much as you do about taxes, the state of the economy, big government, his children's education, etc. He may not realize it yet but he'd be vitally interested in what conservatives have to say about these things (and where do conservatives say it better than in **National Review**?). Rip out the card facing this page, NOW, and use it to introduce NR to your potential conservative at the special introductory rate of only $9.95 for the next 12 issues. He'll be glad you did. So will you. So will we. You don't often get a chance to make so many people happy with one stroke of the pen. So do it now.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Snoop Report

Tomorrow and Tomorrow

MICHAEL NOVAK

IT IS NOT every day that one is the subject of a junior G-man investigation, nor is it often that one finds church groups paying church monies to undertake such snooping. Yet recently, with some others, I was the subject of a 55-page document financed by the General Board of Global Ministries and the General Board of Church and Society of the United Methodist Church, as well as by the United Church Board for Homeland Ministries of the United Church of Christ. The subject was the seven-month-old Institute for Religion and Democracy.

As it happens, these church boards could have saved their money—those of us involved would have been glad to provide the information free. Why was secrecy necessary? Certainly, no one identifying himself as engaged in such a study called on me or on anyone else belonging to the Institute. (The authors were a former congressional aide to certain Democrats and a former congressional intern.) So two huge churches seem to wish to do for this tiny new Institute what General Motors did for Ralph Nader.

The Institute for Religion and Democracy is, as its name suggests, an institute of Christians concerned about religion and the promotion of democratic institutions around the world. It was formed in April 1981, and has yet to produce any work as substantial as 55 pages. Why so much interest, then, in the IRD?

Guilt by Association

The IRD could perhaps adopt "the Snoop Report" (as it is now known) as an organizing tool, once having corrected its gaps and errors. For the report's main thrust appears to be that three of the thirty churchmen on the board are "guilty by association" with —hold your hat—the Coalition for a Democratic Majority, founded by followers of Henry Jackson, Daniel Patrick Moynihan, Hubert Humphrey, and others in 1973. (Some association there may be, but guilt?) Other board members are Republicans. In fact, political party allegiance has little to do with the IRD; but religious allegiance is critical: the IRD is a religious organization of Christian clergy and laity concerned about the extension of democracy everywhere in the world—and about efforts by some church bureaucracies to funnel church funds and ideological support to non-democratic movements.

James Wall, editor of *The Christian Century*, who recently half-supported the Snoop Report in a long editorial, has been not only a Democratic Committeeman in Illinois but also a state chairman for Jimmy Carter's campaign in 1976. That does not disqualify him in religion. I met his good friend Bishop Armstrong, now the president of the National Council of Churches (under whose auspices the Snoop Report was circulated at the NCC meeting in Cleveland), when the latter, like me, was campaigning for Senator McGovern in 1972.

Sad to report, the most racy tidbit the Snoop Report seems able to offer is that many of the board members of the IRD have earlier been active in politics, some on the Left, some on the Right. (They overlook the fact that at least four members of the board were on the early board of Clergy and Laity Concerned about Vietnam.) Evangelical members like Ed Robb—chairman of the board, pastor of a Methodist church in Longview, Texas, and board member of the Methodist *Good News*—join Lutherans like Richard Neuhaus and Peter Berger, Presbyterians like Ronald Cavanagh, United Church of Christ members like Mary Hepburn Grant, Anglicans like Paul Seabury, and Catholics like George Weigel, James Schall, SJ, and Francis Maier. The board is, actually, rather impressively diverse geographically and ecumenically.

The adjective which the Snoop Report repeats and repeats is "anti-Soviet." But this is a mistake. What the IRD is, is pro-democratic, and it would have much to do even if, as may one day occur, the USSR were to be born Christian again.

So far, the IRD has produced only one study, *The Catholic Church in El Salvador*, a compendium of statements by Catholic church leaders in suffering El Salvador. (Copies may be obtained from the IRD, 1835 K Street, N.W., Suite 600, Washington, D.C. 20006.) Other studies are planned, on Catholics in Lithuania, e.g., and on church life in Cuba. At its first press conference, in New York in mid-November, the IRD was also able to issue its theological manifesto, written by Richard Neuhaus (copies available as above), and to announce it had so far raised approximately $120,000 from memberships, foundations, and grants from individual churches.

In the Open

One of the two main aims of the IRD is to campaign for "an open church"—i.e., accountability of church bodies for funds they spend for political purposes (like the Snoop Report?). How much is spent? Where? By whom? For what purposes? Under which safeguards? National bodies—especially religious bodies—should do their work out in the open.

More importantly, though, the IRD is concerned about pamphlets, books, seminars, statements, discussion groups, and other church activities which deal with Christianity and political economy. Such treatments ought to be fair, impartial, pluralistic, open, and representative to a reasonable degree of the diverse convictions of church members who support them. Church activities undertaken in the name of the church are the responsibility of all believers.

Had this church grant been offered above-board to the IRD, so that we might describe our own aims, personnel, and activities in 55 pages or more, our modesty might have been offended. But, free of the hush-hush conspiratorial tone of the Snoop Report, and learning that there is a public eager to know about us, we might heroically have overcome our bashfulness. The Methodists and the UCC ought to be ashamed. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In earlier epochs, a critic tormented only the writers...

Of all the cants which are canted in this canting world—though the cant of hypocrites may be the worst—the cant of criticism is the most tormenting.

Laurence Sterne

In ours, he torments everybody.

Recently a middle-aged father published a book about his sordid adventures in massage parlors, wife-swapping communes and the worlds of easy sex and prostitution. The critics were grateful to Gay Talese. *Newsweek* said that "Talese's research has an awesome solidity about it." *Vogue* was proud of "... Gay's triumph over the puritanical strictures of Ocean City, strictures that so inhibited him that he didn't even masturbate until his second year in college." And the *Chicago Tribune* – a newspaper respectable primarily in its own eyes—turned its enthusiasm into promotion by running excerpts of *Thy Neighbor's Wife* for Chicagoland families to read.

The state of literary criticism today strongly confirms Laurence Sterne's warning: the cant of criticism *is* the most tormenting. To make things worse, the modern media have transformed the critic into a midwife of mass consciousness. Regardless of what we wish to know or ignore, we live with cultural events and their consequences —as interpreted by the modern critic. Sadly, what passes for "cultural criticism" in *Time, Esquire, Chicago Tribune, Ladies Home Journal,* et al., amounts to an elitist, moral shoddiness.

The Critical Difference

In *Chronicles of Culture,* we feel there is a need for a counterpoise to those who judge cultural offerings without giving any thought to the impact of messages which are liberated from all codes of moral and intellectual responsibility. We firmly believe that culture, books, movies, behavioral trends—their meaning and success—deeply affect man's preferences and, consequently, his sense of moral and social order. We are not timid when we confront the liberal cultural cant. *The National Review* remarked that we, *"Go for the jugular. . . . Chronicles* reports on the reporters, and reviews the reviewers. Its verdicts have not been kind."

The Critical Response

In every issue, we challenge the dominant cultural establishment on what it preaches about culture, politics and social matters. Malcolm Muggeridge observed that "... in *Chronicles of Culture* the Consensus assumptions—that the *New York Times* is a great newspaper, that the South Africans are uniquely the villains of our time, that President Reagan is an idiot, that all good men and true build their hopes on disarmament talks with Mr. Brezhnev, etc. etc. etc.—are blissfully absent." Tom Wolfe said about our work, "It has been a pleasure to watch Leopold Tyrmand and the *Chronicles of Culture* confront—à la Orwell—the smelly little orthodoxies of our time." And from the *London Times,* "... it is a relief to receive an American publication which puts forward another view. . . . [*Chronicles*] displays a pleasantly open and ironic position. . . . Who, among the liberal monopoly of power in this sphere, will reply to Tyrmand?"

If you care about *la différence,* send for your subscription today.

MAIL TO:

Chronicles of Culture
934 N. Main St.
Rockford, IL 61103

☐ **Check for $6.00 enclosed (six bimonthly issues).**
☐ **Bill me.**

NAME **(Please print)**

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE **ZIP**

AS1

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books Arts & Manners

The Awful Ordeal of Lady Di

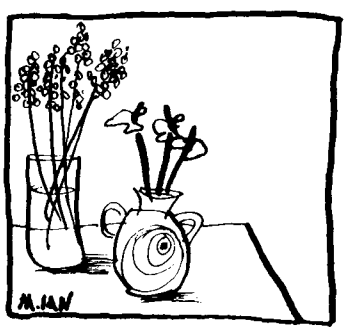
Mrs. Harris: The Death of the Scarsdale Diet Doctor
By Diana Trilling
Harcourt Brace, 341 pp., $14.95

THOMAS MALLON

Exclusive schools have a way of disappointing Diana Trilling. We can recall, from *We Must March My Darlings* (1977), how upset she was by the Columbia riots in 1968, and how troubled she was by the garbage in the living room of Briggs Hall when she returned to her alma mater, Radcliffe, in 1971. In 1980 the headmistress of the Madeira School went on trial for shooting the author of *The Complete Scarsdale Medical Diet*. This was too much; it was the sort of thing Mrs. Trilling had to see for herself.

Mrs. Harris is the record of her plucky commute to White Plains for a five-month murder trial that exhausted reporters fifty years younger than herself. Her energies are entirely admirable; indeed, her prose is less ponderous here than in her earlier books. But certain habits of mind continue to block her vision. Messes, in particular, still preoccupy her; she likes to refer to her cleaning lady, and she tells us that the courthouse press room, with its candy wrappers and soda cans, got to be as filthy as Briggs did back in '71. This familiar fastidiousness might be appealing if it weren't so often fatal to her understanding. Mrs. Trilling has in the past failed to see the forest for the trash, and in *Mrs. Harris* she shows an odd but deliberate confusion of the ethical and the decorous.

Jean Harris shot Dr. Herman Tarnower to death on March 10, 1980. The defense contended that she had gone to the doctor's home to commit suicide, and that he was killed in a "tragic accident" resulting from their struggle for the gun. If you believe all of this you probably believe that Jimmy Hoffa died of natural causes; but Mrs. Trilling tells us that the judge and jurors were admirably open-minded and painstaking. She changed her own mind considerably between the killing and the verdict (guilty of murder in the second degree). After conceiving the book "in a spirit of partisanship"—seeing Mrs. Harris as an "embattled female spirit"—she came to realize that her sympathies had been forged in the "fervor of ignorance."



She says that the gradual correction of the first spurious media versions of what happened on March 10 was largely responsible for chilling her advocacy. But this highly personal account of the trial makes it clear that another reason Mrs. Trilling lost any sense of solidarity with the headmistress was that she came to see her not as a ladylike older woman tossed aside for someone younger by the libidinous 69-year-old Tarnower, but as a status-monger with a startling capacity for coarse speech and letter-writing.

Mrs. Trilling bemoans "our present-day unwillingness to connect aesthetic and moral judgment" and deplores the fact that "along with the ability and permission to make social distinctions we lose our ability to make moral distinctions." In effect, she was willing to let the defendant get away with murder, but not with bad taste. This equation of aesthetics and moral character is peculiarly repellent, and Mrs. Trilling makes it repeatedly. More than once she uses the phrase "moral style"; it is a coinage more vulgar than any Mrs. Harris made on the witness stand.

Fortunately, Mrs. Trilling knows that Jean Harris's violent fall from grace never really constituted tragedy, but she does make the mistake of comparing her to Emma Bovary and Anna Karenina, two women whose rather commonplace passions were eventually paid immortal attention. In fact, Mrs. Harris's story is not the kind that could have been made use of by Flaubert or Tolstoy; it was ludicrous in a way that Emma's and Anna's never were. Mrs. Trilling forgets how *funny* this case was. Who has not laughed over a joke about "the headmistress and the diet doctor"? Of course what Jean Harris did sent a man to his grave and herself to prison, but was it monstrous of a non-juror to find a bit of comedy in the number-one diet doc getting plugged by a duenna of the debs? I think not. Mrs. Trilling is almost desperate to locate the cultural significance of this case, but she overlooks its long-running function as national comic relief: it was what you joked about over lunch when talk of the hostages got too dreary.

The author's trips to White Plains

Thomas Mallon *is a professor of English at Vassar College.* . . . **Jeffrey Meyers** *is the author of* Painting and the Novel *and* Homosexuality and Literature. . . . **James M. Rawley** *is a freelance critic and poet who contributes to numerous periodicals.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have not failed to bring some incidental rewards to her readers. She gives us disturbing sketches of Mrs. Harris's self-absorption, and she points with zestful logic to flaws in the defense lawyer's strategy. In the end, though, she never seems to have convinced herself that the book was worth writing. Early on she says this is the sort of case which brings "into conjunction our private and our public dilemmas." Later she says that "we are confusing an irremediable and fatal collision between one man and one woman with a remediable attitude toward women in our society." By the end she is back to seeing Mrs. Harris as a woman shaped and victimized by the "female-ism" of the Forties. Which is it? I do not think Mrs. Trilling is ever really certain; she is consequently unconvincing in her attempts to freight pathetic Mrs. Harris's shoulders with heavy social cargo. Alas, the whole case remains what the doctor himself might have prescribed for dinner—small potatoes. □

The Complete Poems
By Anne Sexton
Houghton Mifflin, 622 pp., $20

PART WAY BACK

JAMES M. RAWLEY

The Complete Poems of Anne Sexton is an indispensable book. Sexton is one of her generation's best poets, and she has more appeal than many poets who are better than she.

Even great poets can be overrated. Byron defined Romanticism for many people who would have found Wordsworth and Shelley intolerably slow. E. E. Cummings used the techniques of modernism so charmingly that intelligent undergraduates are still being warned off him and pointed sternly in the direction of Eliot, Williams, and Pound. Popular poets have in common the willingness to speak primarily about sex or themselves, with the wit not to appear foolish while doing so. They are like youth: vain, repetitive, and irresistible.

Anne Sexton is one of the gloomier members of this tribe. She began writing verse on the advice of her psychiatrist after her first recorded suicide attempt. The resultant book, published in 1960, was called *To Bedlam and Part Way Back*, as if she knew that part way back was as far as she would ever get. It begins, *"You, Doctor Martin, walk / from breakfast to madness."* The critics (most of them fellow poets, of course) blamed her for the facile melodrama of her lines, but said she had promise. Later, amid similar caviling, they would say she had failed to live up to her gifts.

Annie Alleman

Meanwhile, prizes and praise rained on her, though prudery kept many from liking poems with titles like, "In Celebration of My Uterus," or from getting much fun out of her cry to a returning lover:

Swift boomerang, come get! . . .
Lock in! Be alert, my acrobat
and I will be soft wood and you the nail
and we will make fiery ovens for Jack Sprat
and you will hurl yourself into my tiny jail
and we will take a supper together and that
will be that.

By 1969, when these lines were published in *Love Poems*, Sexton was viewed by many as a feminist poet, and a whole new set of battle-lines was drawn around her. As a one-time fashion model, perfectly comfortable writing a poem about an unwed mother that ended, *"Go child, who is my sin and nothing more,"* she may now have found herself at odds with yet another aspect of her own past. Sense of humor is one of the first victims of such ambivalences, but she managed to keep her wry gift of phrase. She could still refer to Cinderella's sisters as *"pretty enough / but with hearts like blackjacks."* There is even amused self-detachment in her late religious poem "Faustus and I" (in spite of the seriousness of its theme, for God to her meant both salvation and suicide):

I went to the bookstore and God was not there.
Doctor Faustus was baby blue with a Knopf dog
on his spine. He was frayed and threadbare
with needing. The arch-deceiver and I had a dialogue.
The Debble and I, the Father of Lies himself,
communed, as it were, from the bookshelf.

Anne Sexton killed herself in 1974, the year this poem appeared in book form. She is often referred to now, by those who have no political stake in her reputation, as one of the finest of the so-called "confessional" poets, a group theoretically inspired by Robert Lowell and W. D. Snodgrass. Confessional poets are impossible to understand without the kind of grounding in psychoanalytic theory that most people wait for their own nervous breakdown to acquire. Nor, like many who have been through analysis, are they yet entirely comfortable with their parents. Their real spiritual father, for example, is neither Lowell nor Snodgrass, but Ezra Pound, who broadcast anti-American, antisemitic propaganda for Mussolini during World War II, then wrote in *The Pisan Cantos* verses of such exquisitely grief-stricken recantation that he won the Bollingen Prize for poetry while confined to St. Elizabeth's hospital for the criminally insane.

Sexton is a worthy descendant of Pound, who failed to make modern poetry what he hoped it would be—a synthesis of the self with all culture and all human experience—but who succeeded in chipping from his own failures in life and art fragments of immortal tragedy. Sexton, less of a criminal, was more of a victim. As she wrote of Jonah in "Making a Living,"

. . . he told the news media
the strange details of his death
and they hammered him up in the marketplace
and sold him and sold him and sold him.
My death the same. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Happy to Be Here
By Garrison Keillor
Atheneum, 256 pp., $11.95

HERE AT THE NEW YORKER

D. KEITH MANO

That which is exaggerated must first be.
—Gaius Simplicissimus, Obiter Dicta, *Book III*

How do you like that for an intellectual pre-emptive air strike? Not much, huh? Still, in this manner, parody and caricature demonstrate the existence of their objects. A parodist will overstate theme, diction, voice: then make these recognizable to the Mind at large. Only prose styles that are mute as patio furniture can be above or below burlesque. For caricature to function, after all, you must have character: some singular trait, some dissonant music at least that can be commonly heard. Indeed the parodist often understands tone or syntactical habitat better than his author-victim (for whom particular voice may be quite subconscious). Parody has a colander shape: it will allow the stock but not the bone to pass through. When done well this impersonation is unique: both literary genre and implicit textual criticism at once. Let me never write books so bland that they cannot be taken-off. Ridicule isn't the highest form of flattery: but usually it'll have to do.

And there is no one I'd rather be lampooned by than Garrison Keillor. His kind derision operates the way a voice stress analyzer might: it is a knowing of some special, audible sort. Though you will find the short tale and the arcade-brilliant divertissement in this collection, parodies are his territorial water. Keillor has a high pass filter on his pen: it can erase background noise and leave the essential speech pattern clear. *Happy to Be Here* includes a parody of sci-fi and one of anthropological jargon: of Richard Brautigan and *Life* and little-magazine writing. Keillor will spoof material that I, with my Nerf-deaf ear, didn't know had any organizing style: corporate report, transit system pamphlet, battle comic-book. His wit is so reactive that it turns even claptrap into a goddam genre.

Parody: not satire. Satire, if I've read the brochure right, "usually implies moral judgment or corrective purpose." There is no anger in this attack: nor any righteous underfur. Keillor doesn't bother to affix blame. You feel, rather, a joy in the sheer diverseness of voices. Keillor, I think, must derive his hi-tech tone control from radio: in which medium he has worked since 1960. Radio isn't so very different from read prose: it has to depend, for character and ambiance, on the peculiar collision of words: a certain aural literacy could be induced. I understood, reading *Happy*, just what expense TV and film have put us to. The eye bullies. Language on TV, even dialogue, is mere voice-over work: a sound-track: an adjunct to the visuals.

Keillor can handle short-form writing better than your tax accountant. But a parodist counter-punches and must adjust to style in the opponent. This may make his work seem assistant, on loan. In fact, Keillor has assumed a defensive persona: I-who-couldn't-write-my-big-novel-have-done-this. From his introduction: "I still think . . . it is more worthy in the eyes of God and better for us as a people if a writer make three pages sharp and funny about the lives of geese than to make three hundred flat and flabby about God or the American people." That pronouncement itself could lose some weight: the logic is covered with stretch-marks. And Keillor should know better. By nature, he has implied, anything written about God or America must be turgid. This is a prejudice, not a rational distinction. Which leads me to consider Keillor as paradigmatic *New Yorker* stylist.

The *New Yorker* pose is one of insouciant, snuff-taking detachment. Yes, liberal attitudes underlie that sophisticated lethargy, but no *effort* will be made to inculcate them. Effort is rather indecent: maybe dangerous. *The New Yorker*—from which most of this collection has been reprinted—expresses best our native distaste for fanaticism. And the surest specific against fanaticism is particularity. Find individual, idiosyncratic voices enough and you may prevent a mad consensus from forming. *E pluribus plures*: divide and enervate: Keillor and *The New Yorker* isolate, then announce the small differences that fragment national life. Naturally a three-hundred-page book which might generalize America or God must be fat and full of flab. The lowest common denominator is just that: low, also common. By definition no majority can be moral: or trusted: or wise.

But, within those philosophical limits, Keillor is damned brilliant. There aren't two weak pieces among the 29 collected here. Keillor, I think, could make St. Catharine laugh on her wheel. You will particularly enjoy his burlesque masterpiece, "Shy Rights." Also "Mission to Mandala," "Nana Hami Ba Reba," and "How It Was in America a Week Ago Tuesday." Garrison Keillor is so derivative that he might well be one of our most original writers. □

Shadow Man: The Life of Dashiell Hammett
By Richard Layman
Harcourt Brace, 285 pp., $14.95

THE THIN MAN

JEFFREY MEYERS

Dashiell Hammett (1894-1961) is best known for his creation of Sam Spade and the Thin Man, his Hollywood screenplays, his opposition to Communist witch-hunters during the cold war, and his liaison with Lillian Hellman. He made an important contribution to the vein of detective fiction already worked by Poe, Conan Doyle, Chesterton, and Van Dine. These novelists provided a puzzling plot, sophisticated clues, and an erudite solver of riddles (Auguste Dupin, Sherlock Holmes, Father Brown, Philo Vance). As Raymond Chandler put it: "Hammett took murder out of the Venetian vase and dropped it into an alley." His novels are characterized by fast-moving, complex, convincing plots; laconic, colloquial, wise-cracking dialogue; and a seedy, tough but decent detective, neither heroic nor glamorous, who lives by his own moral code.

Hammett was born into a Catholic family in rural Maryland. At twenty he was uneducated and unemployed, had the clap, and was already drinking heav-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ily. The major turning-point in his life took place in 1915, when he became a Pinkerton detective. Though little is known about the actual cases that inspired his fiction, it is worth noting that the political radical of the Thirties began as an Anaconda strikebreaker in the Twenties and was urged to assassinate a labor leader of the IWW.

Attached to a domestic ambulance unit in the Great War, he was discharged in 1919 with incurable tuberculosis, which plagued him for the rest of his life. The strikingly handsome patient impregnated and later married a nurse he had met in an Army hospital. In 1922, physically unable to continue work as a detective, he first wrote advertising copy and then turned out crime stories for pulp magazines like *Black Mask*.

Hammett wrote all his important fiction in the Twenties; he peaked during the last three years of the decade, when he completed sixty book reviews, four stories, two novelettes, and all four of his novels. *The Maltese Falcon* established his reputation in 1930; but he had burned himself out and wrote nothing for publication after 1934, his most prosperous year.

Layman states, "the story of Hammett's life during [the Twenties] is his own stories," and interrupts the narrative of Hammett's life with tedious plot summaries of his apprentice fiction which do not inspire confidence in Layman's critical judgment. After he had learned how to write and achieved fame, Hammett (like Hemingway) abandoned his wife and two daughters for another woman—Nell Martin, whom he left two years later, in 1931.

HAMMETT met Lillian Hellman that year and helped her as a writer during his own sharp decline, when he squandered his talent and was destroyed by women, money, fame, and drink (*The Thin Man* is an alcoholic marathon). He made $100,000 a year in Hollywood during the Depression and took a suite in the Beverly Wilshire that had been occupied by the King of Siam, but neglected to support his family out of those enormous earnings. (When his father died, he failed to attend the funeral, and explained: "I paid for it; let someone else do the crying.") He was successfully sued by an actress who claimed he had tried to rape her; and he sneaked out of the Hotel Pierre without paying his bill.

For That Special Christmas Gift...
T-SHIRTS by Mal
Mal's NATIONAL REVIEW & WASHINGTON POST cartoons silk screen printed on fine quality white shirts. All sizes: child & adult. $8.50 each plus $2.50 postage & handling per order
LOOK AT ME
I CRAVE ATTENTION
SOMEDAYS I HAVE DIFFICULTY COPING!
LOVE THY NEIGHBOR
GET YOUR OWN SIGN
TO LIFE AS I WISH IT WAS
I AM THE MASTER OF MY FATE
I'M LISTED IN THE YELLOW PAGES UNDER LONELY
I DO HAVE A TENDENCY TO OVERINDULGE
I WISH MY LIFE HAD MORE 'THRILL OF VICTORY' AND LESS 'AGONY OF DEFEAT'
THE MEEK SHALL INHERIT THE EARTH AFTER THE GREEDY HAVE DESTROYED IT
I PREFER NOT TO STAND ON THEM
CONVICTIONS
USED PERSON FOR SALE
TODAY I'M GOING TO COME TO GRIPS WITH REALITY!
SINCE I AM WITHOUT SIN I WILL CAST THE FIRST STONE
WHAT BUREAUCRATIC NIGHTMARE SHOULD I PERPETUATE TODAY?
LATELY I AM FINDING FEWER AND FEWER REASONS FOR MAINTAINING MY SANITY
I WISH SOMEONE COULD RESCUE ME FROM MY OWN STUPIDITY!
WELCOME TO THE QUAGMIRE
I HAVE A VERY FRUITFUL MIND
MY LIFE IS LIKE ONE CONTINUOUS VISIT TO A PROCTOLOGIST
I HAVE NOT YET BEGUN TO SURRENDER
And for All Cat Lovers: Mal's SCRUFFY CAT Originals...
EVERYBODY NEEDS A CAT
A CAT MAKES THE WORLD A BETTER PLACE
CATS IS YOUR BEST HEDGE AGAINST INSANITY
A CAT IS WHERE IT'S AT!
I LOVE A CAT
All Above designs are also available in...
WALL HANGINGS 18"x 24" heavy cloth with wooden dowels top & bottom. Ready to hang. $12.50 each
TOTE BAGS Heavy duty canvas for carrying all your good stuff $12.50 each
BACK PACKS Made of heavy canvas with extra strong straps $12.50 each
Order from:
MALCOLM HANCOCK PRODUCTS
600 CENTRAL PLAZA #444
GREAT FALLS MT 59401
VISA & MASTERCARD Accepted

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RANDOM NOTES

■ More December Titles: *The Papacy in the Modern World* (Crossroad, $14.95), by J. Derek Holmes, a professor of history at Ushaw College in England, looks to be an extremely interesting book. It is based on material released from the Vatican over the past 15 years, and gives a comprehensive account of the history of the Church since World War I. Of special interest perhaps is Holmes's defense of Pius XII against the charge that he ignored the plight of the German Jews during the Third Reich.

Robert Hendrickson's *The Literary Life: And Other Curiosities* (Viking, $25) goes far beyond literary anecdote to include quizzes, lovers, last words, word derivations, etc.

■ More January Titles: *Every Secret Thing* (Doubleday, $17.95), by Patricia Campbell Hearst, with Alvin Moscow, supposedly tells all but is not in fact very convincing about what happened to her during her "missing year" (which she avoided talking about at her trial by taking the Fifth).

Frederick A. Pottle's *Pride and Negligence: The History of the Boswell Papers* (McGraw-Hill, $21) tells a fascinating literary tale. Pottle, a Yale scholar, has himself worked on the papers as an editor for fifty years.

■ Book Biz: Harper & Row has announced that Anwar Sadat left behind the ms. of his second book, *In Search of Peace*, a combination of history and autobiography. The new volume is a sequel to Sadat's first book, *In Search of Identity*; publication is tentatively planned for the spring of 1982.

The American Society of Journalists and Authors has honored Jacobo Timerman with its Conscience-in-Media Gold Medal Award, for having "demonstrated outstanding commitment to the highest principles of journalism at notable cost or sacrifice." Breathes there the man . . .

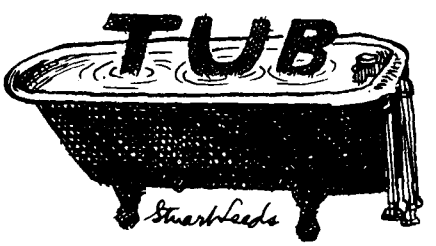
—CW

Hammett joined the Communist Party around 1937, gave generously to left-wing causes, and supported the Moscow Trials when most other intellectuals had become disillusioned with Stalinism. He was accepted by the Army, despite his chronic tuberculosis and rotten teeth, at the age of 48. Though the FBI took two years to discover that he had enlisted, he was first isolated in the Aleutians for political reasons and then given a free hand to run a newspaper for the troops on the islands.

After the war Hammett mainly drank and read. In 1951 he refused to testify in the U.S. District Court about the bail fund of the Civil Rights Congress and the whereabouts of four convicted Communist leaders who had jumped bail and fled. His sentence for contempt of court was upheld by Learned Hand in the U.S. Court of Appeals and he served six months in jail.

Though he cavalierly claimed that "Going to prison was like going home," his sentence marked the second, irrevocable phase of his decline. His health was permanently ruined, his radio shows canceled, his books out of print, and his income attached by the IRS, which sued for $140,000 in back taxes. In 1953 he again refused to testify, this time before McCarthy's subcommittee investigating books by Communists in State Department libraries overseas, but was not punished. Hammett spent his last four years as a reclusive invalid and kept a typewriter in his room "to remind myself I was once a writer." In 1963 Miss Hellman settled with the tax authorities and acquired his valuable literary rights for only five thousand dollars.

Layman's biography lacks depth and insight. His treatment of Hammett's relations with his parents, his wife, his children, Nell Martin, and Lillian Hellman is extremely superficial, though he disproves some of Miss Hellman's romantic fantasies. His flat chronicle provides a factual foundation, but fails to suggest pattern, motive, and meaning in Hammett's life. Layman does not do justice to the complex character who realized the limitations of his *métier* and maintained: "I was never too enthusiastic about the detective stories. *The Thin Man* always bored me." □



Elvis
By Albert Goldman
McGraw-Hill, 598 pp., $14.95

CRITIQUE OF PURE ELVIS

JOSEPH SOBRAN

How much do you really want to know about Elvis? Not this much, I hope. I mean, 598 pages. There's really only about half that in actual data. The rest is commentary, in this vein: "To think of a 19- or twenty-year-old boy producing this sort of effect with his very first efforts as a professional is to recognize that the young Elvis was a pop genius. As Kant says, . . ."

A grown man ought to be able to write a biography of Elvis Presley without hauling Kant into it. After all, Kant's biographers seldom drag Elvis in. Though the title of the book is *Elvis*, it really should have been called, in the interest of honest labeling, *Die Phänomenologie des Elvis Presley*. Heaps of *Zeitgeist* and *Weltanschauung* here, folks.

"Though democracy is ostensibly the opposite of monarchy, the mass culture that is American democracy has betrayed in every age a deep atavistic yearning for royalty." Thus does Albert Goldman begin on page 1, and every Elvis fan will feel his, or more likely her, heart sink at the prospect of 597 more pages of "ostensibly" and "atavistic." The very next sentence runs nearly a third of a page, citing everything from "Kingfish" Huey Long to the Imperial Presidency to prove that "the impulse to set up kings and worship them must be reckoned one of the basic features of the American character."

Goldman has a superb eye for detail. Unfortunately, he also has a big mouth for detail. The secret of boring, Voltaire observed, is to tell everything. Goldman tells you everything he has seen and learned, from Elvis's colossally tacky Memphis estate, Graceland (named for his mother), to the fine points, lately in the newspapers, of Elvis's later drug consumption. He is filled with disgust, but he is fascinated, the Jewish pathologist contemplating foul *goyische* disorders, the Northern intellectual inspect-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing hillbilly vulgarities. The excess of malign attention is itself depressing.

But just as there was a terrific 160-pounder inside the singer's bloated body, Goldman's eye for detail produces a terrific two hundred pages inside this bloated book. No doubt the publisher was afraid to edit it down to its proper size: there are already several books about Presley on the market, and only a heavy tome could vie for blockbuster status at this late date. Too bad.

Goldman has really done his homework, and he comes up with hundreds of reminiscences about Elvis, correcting publicists' legends and self-serving family fibs. Naturally, the truth is more tawdry and touching. Elvis's father spent three years, more or less, on a chain gang for slightly doctoring a check made out to him. Elvis grew up semi-fatherless, a timid mama's boy afraid of getting beaten up, not at all the swaggering delinquent of his Fifties fans' mothers' nightmares. He *withdrew* into music as a teenage loner long before he learned to perform publicly. All Goldman's talk about "influences"—from black rhythm-and-blues to Dean Martin to (maybe it's a joke) Jewish cantorial singing—nearly obscures his account of this common pathos: a boy with his radio.

The boy had raw talent, and, like many such boys, he was stunned at the reaction he got. When he ventured out into the world, he thought only of succeeding on the world's terms, not of conquering and changing it. His early work—on Sun Records—remains superior to the commercial big-production stuff for which, thanks to RCA Victor, he is famous. Goldman is shrewd about this:

> The performances are densely detailed, quirky with oddity, sometimes downright funny. The reason they don't wear thin, as do Elvis's later and more famous recordings, is the same reason why jazz recordings hold the attention through dozens of playings: the performances are highly spontaneous and have the not easily exhausted suggestiveness of brilliant sketchwork. Essentially, they are play: the play of high spirits that sends ideas shooting in every direction like sparks.

But it was public performances, not recordings, that made Elvis. He tried to be funny, with his jolting pelvis and quivering leg, and he came across sexy. Crowds went absolutely wild. Meanwhile, Elvis took his first earnings and bought a Cadillac for himself and a little house for his parents. He was a decent homebody at heart, a bit of a prude, and even his later orgies (Goldman describes them with utter devotion to the public's right to know) were more voyeuristic than abandoned.

Enter the villain of the book: Elvis's manager, Colonel Tom Parker. One of Goldman's several scoops is the revelation that Parker is really a Dutchman named Andre van Kuyk. In Goldman's version, Parker imperiously seized control of Elvis's career when Elvis was still wet behind the ears and too weak

to resist. (Elvis hit it so big so young that his father was able to retire at 38.) He made all the big decisions, with an eye to the big bucks—concerning which his judgment was superb—but with fatal results for Presley's talent and self-esteem, and for his family. The Presley career slogged into commercialism and self-repetition, and Elvis sank into ruinous self-indulgence. The rest of his career was uninteresting, and so is the rest of the book. The level of Goldman's sense of irony is such that he spends pages railing sarcastically against Elvis for seeking and accepting accolades from President Richard Nixon, who—get this!—made the drug-besotted star an official agent in his crusade against drug abuse.

Goldman has told this story before, more or less, in his soggy biography of another drug-besotted star who died young, Lenny Bruce. Here again he inflates the subject, flashing literary credentials (misquoting Shakespeare, for instance) to validate a project as paunchy as the corpse in the final scene. He should have kept it short and atavistic. □

ART

CHRISTMAS INK

RUTH BERENSON

Again the annual crop of art books is here—luxurious, lavish, crazily expensive, products of years of drudgery and sweat on the part of their authors and editors. It seems almost immoral to present them to *NR* readers as if they were so many variants on toothpaste or food-processors; goodness knows they deserve better. But short mentions, publishers tell me, are better than none, and art books tend to be ignored except by the big, glossy magazines. So here goes, with the caveat that this selection is nothing if not personal and idiosyncratic.

THIS YEAR'S winner of the coffee-table sweepstakes has to be *Picasso—The Early Years* by Josep Palau i Fabre (Rizzoli, $160), which weighs in at 11½ pounds, with 560 pages and 1,587 illustrations, one-third of them in color. But this is not just one more hefty Picasso tome, for its author, who is thoroughly acquainted with the artist's life, introduces us to a figure who may be new even to connoisseurs, one whose precocity rivaled Mozart's. Starting in 1895, as a 13-year-old, Picasso almost literally replicated the history of painting over the previous forty years, beginning with Realism and ending with Symbolism and Art Nouveau, a progression which Palau i Fabre traces in minute but absorbing detail. The book ends where many books on Picasso begin, with *Les Demoiselles d'Avignon*, the seminal creation of 1907, which, in a single gesture, ruptured the age-old tradition which treated the surface of a painting as "a window on the visible world" (the phrase is Panofsky's). In so doing, Picasso made possible the birth of non-objective art, though he himself never abandoned reality. His roots in Castile and Catalonia, as Palau i Fabre makes clear, went far too deep for him ever to have done that.

NO ASPECT of today's Realist revival has aroused more critical ire than the sudden popularity of Victorian art, includ-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing the often mannered extravagancies of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. This group of young disciples of Ruskin got together in 1848 to mount a back-to-nature rebellion against Royal Academy "slosh" (their term). As the years passed, many of them indulged in considerable slosh themselves, but their best work, often inspired by Keats and Tennyson, is imbued with a dreamy poetry conveyed through sinuous line and glowing color, beautifully evident in the illustrations to Christopher Wood's *The Pre-Raphaelites* (Viking, $35). The text provides a first-rate account of the movement and its artists, including a number of lesser-knowns—John Waterhouse, for instance—who can well bear comparison with such better-known colleagues as Rossetti or Burne-Jones.

ANOTHER BOOK on Romanticism? Yes; and this one, *Romanticism*, by Jean Clay (Viking, $60), is a visual stunner, with 538 color plates of unusual veracity. As to the text, Robert Rosenblum warns in his Introduction that "the going is not easy," which is an understatement. Clay views Romanticism as transcending national boundaries; he also refuses to become involved in fine distinctions between Classicism and Romanticism, seeing them as opposite sides of the same coin. However, his attempt to prove an underlying stylistic unity binding together such disparate figures as Goya and Copley, or Millet and Friedrich, is not really convincing.

THE SUBJECT of prints is fraught with mystery for most laymen. What is a print? What is the difference between a print and a photograph? an etching and an engraving? a woodcut and a wood engraving? lithography and photolithography? an "original" and a "facsimile"? What are "states"? Is a poster a print? These and many more questions are answered in *Prints—History of an Art* (Skira/Rizzoli, $85), a handsome volume with thoughtful essays by Michel Melot, Director of the Cabinet des Estampes at the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris, Antony Griffiths, Assistant Keeper of Prints and Drawings at the British Museum, and Richard S. Field, Curator of Prints at the Yale University Art Gallery. The 16-page glossary of technical terms by André Béguin clears up many puzzlements, and there is an extensive bibliography.

FOR SOME REASON, exhibition catalogues are not usually considered books at all; they're seldom reviewed, even in specialized media, though they are often printed and published commercially, and many are as elaborate—witness the Metropolitan Museum's *German Masters of the Nineteenth Century*, with each painting reproduced in color—as anyone could demand; they're also often (not a lot) cheaper. My favorite this year is *Rodin Revisited* (New York Graphic Society, $42.50), published in connection with the exhaustive Rodin display at Washington's National Gallery last spring. Sculptor Alexander Calder is said to have dismissed Rodin's marbles as "shaving cream," but this thoughtful book, edited by Albert Elsen of Stanford University, might have made him change his mind. . . . *Austria's Expressionism* (Rizzoli, $17.50) commemorates an exhibition which New York's Galerie St. Etienne mounted in honor of its late founder, Otto Kalir, who emigrated from Vienna in 1939 and introduced American art-lovers to his compatriots Klimt, Schiele, Kubin, and Kokoschka. Jane Kalir provides an illuminating text, enlivened by her grandfather's reminiscences of Vienna before and between the wars. . . . Not lavish, but goldmines of information for those fascinated by the minutiae of nineteenth century academic art, are the catalogues put out by the Shepherd Gallery, a long time trail-blazer in this field. The most recent, *German Drawings and Watercolors 1780-1880* ($15 at the Gallery, 21 East 84th Street, New York, N.Y. 10021), almost puts to shame the rather cloudy text of the aforementioned Met catalogue.

THE TIDAL WAVE of photography books is so enormous that I recommend only *The Work of Atget: Old France* (New York Graphic Society, $40), which documents the first of four exhibitions which the Museum of Modern Art will devote to the elegiac yet straightforward images of this French craftsman. Atget never resorted to the obvious trickery and *chi-chi* that marks Deborah Turbeville's *Unseen Versailles* (Doubleday, $50), a pretentious compilation of blurred, overexposed renderings of parts of the palace not open to the public, inhabited, according to the blurb, by the "ghosts of her imagination," dressed mostly in wrinkled sheets. The lucid Introduction by Louis Auchincloss adroitly avoids comment on the book's contents.

CHANEL AND HER WORLD (Viking, $50) by Edmonde Charles-Roux concerns itself more with 1920s Paris than with Chanel herself, though admittedly the latter, who designed costumes for Cocteau and others, played an important role in those golden years. Still, it seems too bad so few of her timeless fashions are illustrated, none of them in color.

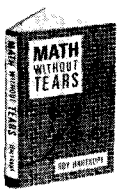
KING OF THE CONFESSORS (Simon & Schuster, $16.95) by Thomas Hoving is hardly an art book but rather a self-serving account of how the author, while still a fledgling assistant curator at the Metropolitan, tracked down the Bury St. Edmunds Cross, an elaborately carved ivory crucifix of the twelfth century, which is one of the glories of the Met's uptown branch, the Cloisters. Hoving is at pains to parade his scholarship, though his claims to such, according to Professor Harry Bober, the distinguished medievalist of New York University's Institute of Fine Arts, are highly dubious: Hoving did not "discover" the cross, which was well known to experts in the field, and his attempt to date it at the end, rather than the middle, of the twelfth century and to ascribe its inscriptions to one Abbot Samson, a virulent Jew-hater, are highly questionable.

But what rivets one to these pages is neither Hoving's pretensions to learning nor his often vivid descriptions of the shady-seeming people he ran into while trying to acquire his prize, but rather his unblushing description of himself as one who "had always been able to lie convincingly, without hesitation," and the pride he takes in his faculty for

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GIFT BOOKS

MATH WITHOUT TEARS



In lively non-technical language Mr. Hartkopf gives you a basic understanding of many of the everyday applications of mathematics.

Emphasizing the practical aspects of math, the author avoids mathematical terms and jargon and takes the reader from simple counting to trigonometry and calculus.

MATH WITHOUT TEARS is written with a light touch and is filled with interesting anecdotes, spiced with humor.

Learn math in the comfort of your own home at minimum cost. ORDER NOW:

MATH WITHOUT TEARS by Roy Hartkopf

$10.95 plus $1.25 handling

10-day Money-Back Guarantee

Card Tricks for Everyone

By Ellis Stanyon

"From the tens of thousands of different mysteries devised by magicians for performances with a pack of fifty-two playing cards, a selection of the most subtle, amazing and entertaining are described in this book."—So states John Mulholland in his introduction, beginning a rare adventure into the world of sleight of hand, feats without sleight of hand and the fun of baffling audiences using special cards and apparatus. All tricks clearly explained and illustrated. Any amateur may become an expert quickly. Tricks can be learned without a teacher. A perfect gift. *PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED.*

$7.95 plus $1.25 handling
10-day Money-Back Guarantee

Inside Music

By J. Raymond Tobin

ANSWERS TO 1001 QUESTIONS

"Simply presented but full of much useful information this is a reference work to be appreciated by student or listener. The separate sections that deal with the orchestra, the families of instruments, special effects, the science of sound signs and abbreviations, musical forms and notations, time, accent, and rhythm, scales and keys, intervals, harmony, modulation and sequences, Transposition, and musical ornaments. *Pleasingly illustrated.*"—American Library Association Booklist. ORDER NOW!

$9.95 plus $1.25 handling
10-day Money-Back Guarantee

Triple your Reading Speed—*Now!*

Here is a solid, fact-packed, clear, concise basic guide to high-speed reading; by a noted reading specialist who has helped thousands to read *much, much* faster—yet understand better, remember more! Mares tells you which reading habits to *eliminate*, which to *cultivate* and *how to do both.*

The knack of rapid reading can be learned by all who read at all. The benefits of this book begin the very first hour—they will last *all the rest of your life!* Order now!

RAPID & EFFICIENT READING by Colin Mares

$8.95 plus $1.25 handling
10-day Money-Back Guarantee

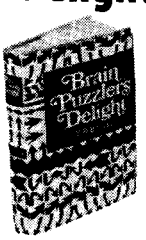
FIX CLOCKS & WATCHES

FOR FUN & PROFIT! Fascinating new handbook by master craftsman H. G. Harris gives you the kind of knowledge skilled watchmakers learn. **OVER 200 ILLUSTRATIONS** show how to install hands, dials, crystals, mainsprings, stems . . . rehouse old movements in modern cases . . . speedily cure many troubles by demagnetizing or cleaning, etc. **INSTRUCTIONS COVER** every popular watch and clock, chimes, grandfathers, cuckoo, everyday alarm and electric clocks. Handbook tells you where to buy parts . . . where to send overflow work for repairs at wholesale prices as business expands! **Friends gladly pay $5 to $50 for restoring cherished timepieces. Try the HANDBOOK OF WATCH AND CLOCK REPAIRS**

$8.95 plus $1.25 handling
10-day Money-Back Guarantee

Brain Puzzler's Delight

By E. R. Emmet

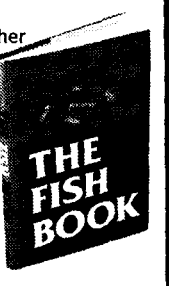


A treasury of unique mind-stretching puzzles that can be solved by straight, logical thinking and reasoning. No specialized math. Offers the pleasures of discovering solutions through use of ingenuity, imagination, insight, and logic. Stimulates and refreshes the mind. Fascinating, entertaining puzzles, arranged in order of difficulty, with (some amazing!) solutions and full explanations at end of book. ILLUSTRATED

$9.95 plus $1.25 handling
10-day Money-Back Guarantee

THE FISH BOOK

By Jeffrey A. Fisher



This fascinating new book tells you everything you need to know about Fish — **how and where to catch them — how to buy, clean, cook and preserve them.** What bait to use, which rods or reels, how to cast, tie knots and get the best buy for your buck and much more.

Fish, says the appropriately named Jeffrey Fisher, marine biologist and author, are easy to catch, economical to buy, nutritious to eat and profitable to sell. He gives you *short cuts and trade secrets* and shows you how best to do each.

10-day Money-Back Guarantee
$8.95 plus $1.25 handling

—THINK— FRUSTRATION GUARANTEED

186 MENTAL MYSTERIES that get you so involved you stay up half the night! Clever brain teasers, problems, and riddles all solvable with systematic, resourceful thinking and logic provide hours of entertainment. Solutions and full explanation given. Many delightful and helpful illustrations.

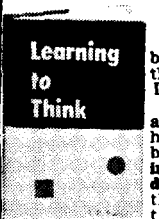
MATH IS FUN by J. DeGrazia, Ph. D.

$8.95 plus $1.25 handling

10-day Money-Back Guarantee

LEARNING TO THINK

By E. R. Emmett



This fascinating and readable book shows you how to achieve the most basic goal of education: LEARNING TO THINK.

Puzzles, diagrams and examples (both serious and lighthearted) are extensively used by the author who **stresses the importance of logic in our everyday lives.** He shows us how to think clearly and concisely and to make us enjoy the process. Exercises to test our ability to reason clearly are provided throughout this thought-provoking book. *Illustrated.*

$8.95 plus $1.25 handling
10-day Money-Back Guarantee

ORDER NOW—10-DAY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

___	MATH WITHOUT TEARS	$10.95
___	THE FISH BOOK	$8.95
___	INSIDE MUSIC	$9.95
___	RAPID AND EFFICIENT READING	$8.95
___	HANDBOOK OF WATCH AND CLOCK REPAIRS	$8.95
___	BRAIN PUZZLER'S DELIGHT	$9.95
___	CARD TRICKS FOR EVERYONE	$7.95
___	MATH IS FUN	$8.95
___	LEARNING TO THINK	$8.95
___	THE ART OF ARGUMENT	$8.95

EMERSON BOOKS, Inc. Dept. 269-G
Verplanck, N.Y. 10596

Please send books checked. I enclose $_____

Name _____

Street _____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

Add $1.25 handling for each book. Save Money!! No Handling Charge on orders of 3 or more books.

How to Argue and Win!

Here is a clear simply written basic guide to logical thinking, showing how to spot the fallacies, the prejudices and emotionalism, the inappropriate analogies, etc., in the other fellow's argument and how to watch for and avoid the irrational in your own judgments. The author makes plain not only *how* but also *why* people resist facing the truth.

A tool for *clear thinking* as well as *convincing others.* **ORDER NOW:**

THE ART OF ARGUMENT by Giles St. Aubyn

$8.95 plus $1.25 handling

10-day Money-Back Guarantee

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

being "devious without qualms." Frankly admitting that "success, adulation—notice—are my primary wishes," he developed a "philosophy of opportunism" that justified his deceiving his mentor, James Rorimer, then the Metropolitan's director, and anybody else who appeared to bar his ascent up the greasy pole. The book, in short, is a confession of naked ambition; it's not in a class with St. Augustine, but compared to Hoving, the Norman Podhoretz of *Making It*, even the fictional Sammy of *What Makes Sammy Run*, were shrinking violets. □

FILM

EROS OR AGAPE?

JOHN SIMON

In a letter to Edward Garnett (July 3, 1912), D. H. Lawrence describes Frieda's torments caused by the "storms of letters" from her abandoned husband begging her to sacrifice her love for Lawrence and return to her children: "She lies on the floor in misery—and then is fearfully angry with me because I won't say 'Stay for my sake.' I say 'decide what you want most, to live with me and share my rotten chances, or go back to your children—decide for *yourself* . . .' And then she almost hates me, because I won't say 'I love you—stay with me whatever happens.' I *do* love her. If she left me, I do not think I should be alive six months hence." There is more drama—marital and sheerly human—in that brief passage than in the entire movie *Priest of Love*, which Alan Plater adapted and Christopher Miles directed from Harry T. Moore's Lawrence biography and some of Lawrence's own writings.

The biography itself is conscientious and readable, but it is not ready-made cinematic material—as, indeed, few if any artists' biographies are. A writer (or other artist) lives largely in his work; it is the work that sanctions the idiosyncrasies, bizarrenesses, and terrible doldrums of his life; if the film cannot convey this relationship—this hallowing of the humdrum or perverse by the pursuit of the ideal (and what film can?)—the thrashings about and even the clevernesses of the writer must remain comparatively mundane and disappointing. Even so flamboyantly alive a writer as Lawrence is, finally, less interesting than his characters; and if he is interesting, it is in splinters of conversation and fragments of happenings such as those quoted above, rather than in the more obviously theatrical and conventionally dramatizable aspects of his life.

And yet the Lawrence-Frieda relationship was complex, weird, glorious, and horrible enough to make a movie sufficiently absorbing for all sexual tastes, if only Plater and Miles had opted for depth instead of breadth, and treated their tragicomic lovers as human beings rather than celebrities. Graham Hough, one of the better Lawrence scholars, once remarked to a friend that he would have given anything to have spent one night hidden under the Lawrences' bed; although, given these demon lovers' proclivity for rolling onto the floor, that might not have been the right and adequate hiding place. On the other hand, the Lawrences might have welcomed Professor Hough's presence, given their need for acolytes and accomplices, to some of whom—notably to Dorothy Brett—the film does fair justice. It is the central lovers/conspirators/antagonists that are hopelessly short-changed by it.

THERE IS A distressing superficiality to *Priest of Love*, as new people and incidents keep being rushed on and off the screen—like flipping through one of those pictorial biographies that are all photographs and minuscule captions. But in such a book you get, at least, the real faces. Ian McKellen, though a competent actor, is not a suitable Lawrence: too tall, gangly, fidgety, sulky—precious even—and definitely not virile enough. Although Lawrence may have had a hidden homosexual streak, to which the film may allude with the naked-bathing scene for him and Middleton Murry, it remained well enough hidden in life; what seems to have been most striking about Lawrence was a faun-like quality exuded by even the most grave-looking snapshots. McKellen tries for the faunishness, but it comes out cutely puppy-doggish; in fact, both in looks and in personality, what McKellen seems to be doing is not so much Lawrence as Lytton Strachey.

As for the Frieda of Janet Suzman, a good actress, she fluctuates between compelling and wildly overacted moments. Though Miss Suzman spares us Frieda's obesity and slovenliness, she also bypasses much of that earth-motherliness that must have been Frieda's chief attraction, and her German accent is extremely labile. Ava Gardner is rather too glamorous for Mabel Dodge Luhan, but otherwise not bad, and Penelope Keith is marvelously naïve and maladroit as the deaf, horse-faced, dopey but lovable Dorothy Brett. James Faulkner does not begin to convey the hypersensitivity of Aldous Huxley, and Mike Gwilym makes Murry rather more crude than devious. However, the three Italian actors portraying the main Italian members of the Lawrence entourage provide appealing vignettes. John Gielgud appears as the grotesquely spiteful Herbert G. Muskett, whom Moore describes as a minor "critic without credentials" who testified against Lawrence, but whom the film turns into a government censor and Lawrence's perennial hypocritic nemesis. Gielgud squeezes a fair amount of amusement out of this running gag of a figure, yet Muskett remains a typical example of the film's method of conflation, oversimplification, and exaggeration.

Miles, who with Plater made a good movie out of Lawrence's last, undistinguished novella, *The Virgin and the Gypsy*, has directed quite routinely here. Ted Moore, a cameraman who is best at understatement, seems an odd choice to impart the exotic stops along the Lawrences' perennial, restless peregrinations: the film has a self-effacing, almost bleached, look that makes even Mexico appear slighly anemic. There is, moreover, an aura of parsimony throughout, as if, given the various far-flung locations, half the funds were used up in the getting there, with not enough left over even for hiring the requisite extras. A curiously uninvolving movie, this, on a subject that could have legitimately inspired any number of contradictory emotions—only not emotionlessness.

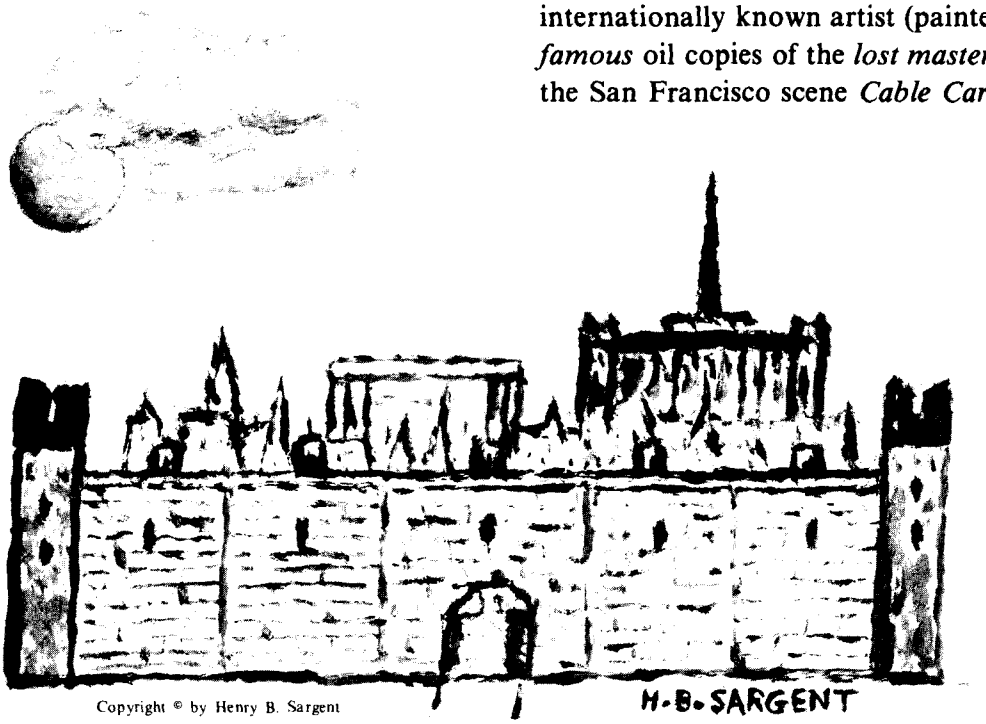
SINCE CONSIDERABLE critical praise has been wasted on Neil Simon's *Only When I Laugh*, I feel obliged to advert to it. Based on Simon's first attempt to write a "serious" play, *The Gingerbread Lady*—a stale crust if ever there was one—it is, if possible, worse in this fairly heavily rewritten version. The story concerns Georgia, a prominent, divorced, alcoholic stage actress who returns from a fancy disintoxication clinic on Long Island to her Manhattan apartment

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CARTHAGINIAN FOR A DAY

A Novel by
H. B. SARGENT

Professional writer, student of history, internationally known artist (painter of the *famous* oil copies of the *lost masterpiece*—the San Francisco scene *Cable Car #512*)



CARTHAGINIAN FOR A DAY, an historical romance by H. B. Sargent, is not alone a most timely work in that it interrelates the present historical hour and the distant past, but it is very likely the definitive work on that inscrutable *lost city*, Carthage.

Written by the author of the amazing *Discoveries of History*—a Treatise on Antiquity—it too should enjoy the status of an instant classic!

The story unfolds simultaneously as a parable, comparing two eons two thousand years apart, and a chronicle of a fabulous, most eventful visit to the long ago by a hardy individual of the present-day scene. Thus, for the skillful manner in which it blends fantasy, realism, history, and philosophy—it is indeed a unique book!

Published in a limited edition, each copy signed and numbered by the author—they make superb gifts, rare collectors' items! **Only $15**, postpaid. As a set, with *Discoveries of History*, **only $18**. With beautiful 16″ x 20″ color print of the *lost masterpiece*, San Francisco scene *Cable Car #512*—all three items signed and numbered by Sargent—**only $42**. All prices postpaid; for Canada add 10%.

Send check or money order
Address all inquiries to:
●
CECILIA COLLETT
Suite 1042N
485 Fifth Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10017

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

where her friends, Jimmy, an unsuccessful, homosexual actor, and Toby, a rich, dizzy, unhappily married society matron, try to make her feel as cozy as if she had never left. David, her lover, has forsaken her, but has written a play about their love affair, which he wants her to star in. Horrified at first by this act of indiscretion, she is promptly won over by the excellence of the work, and is soon rehearsing for a Broadway opening. Her adored teenaged daughter, Polly, gets a leave of absence from her father, with whom she is living, and comes to stay with Georgia, who, very nervous at first, soon adapts, and all seems to be going well.

Alas, a few unfortunate happenstances intervene. 1) David introduces his gorgeous new girlfriend. 2) Jimmy loses an acting job he finally secured and goes to pieces. 3) On the day of her big party for her friends, Toby is ditched by her husband for another woman. 4) Georgia's Long Island therapist is not available when the actress, in frantic need, tries to reach him by telephone. 5) Wherever Georgia walks, bars advertise themselves in glowing, large, colored neon letters. 6) Georgia enters a bar, drinks, talks to a barfly, is followed by him into the street, dragged into an empty lot, nearly raped, and severely beaten. 7) Polly, disappointed in her mother, stays out late with her boyfriend, gets drunk, and skirts defloration. 8) Georgia's ex-husband wants to have lunch with Georgia and Polly, but what about the black eye and scratches on Georgia's face?

A weaker woman, or your average alcoholic, might be driven around the bend by these contretemps. Not so Georgia, who, with Polly's help, gets fixed up, and goes, radiant, to lunch at Tavern on the Green, where everything ends on a note of rejoicing. Even David M. Walsh's hitherto sober, muted cinematography goes Marie Laurencinish for this rapturous final sequence. And so Simon's serious movie concludes with a trumpery finale worthy of his unserious movies—from which, incidentally, it is not readily distinguishable. Marsha Mason (Mrs. Simon) is a mediocre actress who cannot even do Georgia's big drunk scene convincingly; James Coco, a skillful comedian, is not very good as Jimmy, perhaps because the part is too close to home; Joan Hackett proves once again, as Toby, that she barely has a nodding acquaintance with acting; and David Dukes, who has done some fine work in the past, is lackluster as David. The only good work comes from Kristy McNichol as a fresh and touching Polly.

Let me illustrate Simon's sleaziness with one telling example. When David brings Georgia his play, Simon strongly suggests that she is right to consider it a shocking impropriety for David to broadcast their relationship to the world. Yet when the play exhilarates her, it seems equally right for her to agree to do it. Does good writing excuse all indelicacy and indiscretion? Apparently. But then we watch a key scene from the play being rehearsed, and see everyone deeply impressed by its quality. Yet the scene is an agglomeration of wheezing banalities in the most commonplace diction. Does this mean that Georgia, David, and the Broadway theater are moronic? Hardly. The real author of that play, after all, is the great playwright Neil Simon, who here plumbs the depths of the human heart. And here, indeed, shedding the cuteness on which the rest of *Only When I Laugh* still largely depends, Neil Simon stands revealed in his true, shopworn shallowness. □

SOUND ON DISC

THE VINTAGE JAZZ

RALPH de TOLEDANO

For musicologist and aficionado alike, it has been one of the felicities of history that jazz and the phonograph developed together. To a degree, therefore, it is not necessary to rely on the nostalgia-wrapped accounts of how jazz shed its swaddling clothes and moved up the Mississippi to Chicago and then eastward to New York. The old recordings are there. That is not to say that these recordings are entirely faithful to the music they reproduce. Playing into an acoustic horn was no way to preserve in its vitality the tone, timbre, and dynamics of what was being produced in the very early 1920s. It was not until the late years of the decade that recording techniques began to approximate what was going on in the studio, and many more years before those techniques reached any level of high fidelity. The engineers can do wonders with an old Okeh or Gennett, but they cannot put into them what was not on the masters.

Yet enough comes through of the melodic and harmonic content of early jazz to make for memorable listening. We are there almost at the creation. And with the passage of time, the jazz aficionado is getting more and more of that creation through the efforts of the Smithsonian Institution in bringing together the vintage recordings and transferring them to LP vinyl. Album by album, the jazz of the 1920s and 1930s is being delivered to the moldy figs—a term of affection and derogation for those whose focus remains on the early jazz.

From the Smithsonian's growing jazz archive, I single out four important and satisfying albums: *King Oliver's Jazz Band—1923*, *The Legendary Freddie Keppard—New Orleans Cornet*, *Louis Armstrong & Sidney Bechet—1923-25*, and *Louis Armstrong & Earl Hines—1928*. The emphasis, clearly, is on Louis Armstrong, as well it should be. He was one of those originals who clarify and expand the boundaries of music when new forms and styles are being created—a jazz Frescobaldi. We have Frescobaldi's shorthand notes for his compositions but we can judge him as a performing prodigy only by what his contemporaries said of him. But we have the young Armstrong on record, pushing ahead and carrying all of jazz with him. Part of his genius was one of synthesis, for he took what was there in New Orleans, in Chicago, in Harlem, and on Tin Pan Alley, giving it all new dimensions.

In the King Oliver recordings, the Armstrong cornet sings out, still very close to the blues and to teachers like Oliver and Bunk Johnson, yet with the phrasing, intonation, and drive which were later to astound classical musicians. From the start he had the good fortune to record with other great men of jazz such as Johnny and Baby Dodds, Jimmie Noone, Sidney Bechet, and Earl Hines—the trumpet-style pianist who contributed so much to Armstrong's style and growth. Listen to Louis and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hines on "West End Blues," one of the most affecting records in the repertory, and you will realize how important their interplay of talent was to all future jazz.

Freddie Keppard and King Oliver were strictly in the New Orleans tradition and went little beyond it. This is not meant pejoratively since the New Orleans tradition is the richest in jazz. Keppard, unfortunately, made his mark mostly among musicians. He recorded under discouraging conditions, usually with musicians not playing their best—and in jazz performance this is a communicable shortcoming. Had he not rejected the offer of the Victor Talking Machine Company, Keppard might have risen to the top. Instead, Victor made its first jazz recordings with the Original Dixieland Jazz Band, a middling group, which moved on to fame and fortune. Much of Keppard's playing is lost in primitive recording, but his inventiveness and that New Orleans quality of humor and plaintiveness breaks through—and a certain brashness as well. But how sad in a record as potentially fine as his "Salty Dog" to have the rhythm dominated by a washboard instead of drums!

The Bechet album, in which he shares some cuts with Louis, may come as a revelation. For in 1923, he was not very far from the beautiful tone on clarinet and soprano saxophone, the lyric flow, the tremendous musicianship, the inexhaustible ideas. Like Earl Hines, Bechet also contributed to the Armstrong style even as he developed his own. It is easy to understand how the conductor Ernest Ansermet, writing for the Suisse Romande in 1919, heard in Bechet's playing the music of the future. If I were to name the men who brought jazz to its great flowering in the late 1920s and early 1930s, they would be Armstrong, Bechet, and Jelly Roll Morton.

THE ARMSTRONG-HINES album is an expression of that flowering. Louis and he "Fatha" played more brilliantly and sometimes more excitingly in later years. But there was never a more perfect match of musician and music than in Louis's Hot Five and Hot Seven recordings—the trumpet taut or relaxed, on or off the beat, stating the theme or improvising on it, and always that solid yet sensitive piano supplying the rhythm and then moving into solos that paced the trumpet and pointed a way.

There was, of course, much to look forward to. In the mid-1930s, jazz broke out of hiding. It could be heard in New York and Chicago nightclubs—and in the wonderful recording dates organized by Milt Gabler for his Commodore label. This too would pass, as the great blues era, coeval with early and middle jazz, also passed. But even in the days when the real and righteous jazz came to full flower, there was always the backward look at what Louis and Sidney Bechet and King Oliver—to name but a few of the pioneers—had brought up the Mississippi from New Orleans. Today we do not look back, but we can hear the echo on these great Smithsonian evocations. ☐

BOOKS IN BRIEF

EDMUND WILSON: *Our Neighbor from Talcottville, by Richard Hauer Costa (Syracuse University Press, 173 pp., $11.95).* Comparatively few memoirs of Edmund Wilson have appeared in the nine years since his death—Alfred Kazin, Wilfrid

THE GIFT OF TASTEFUL DISTINCTION

Give Our American Flag This Christmas

Whether for relatives, business associates, or as a personal indulgence, giving the Stars & Stripes is the perfect expression of your feelings about our country. Only $25.95 (plus $3.60 postage and handling) for a 3x5 flag, pole, pole ornament, halyard, and bracket. Money-back guarantee.

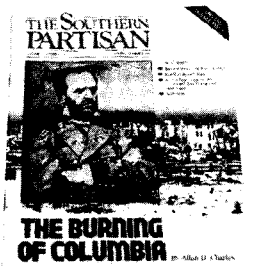
Send check or VISA/MC number and exp. date to:

ARITEX INDUSTRIES, Dept. R12
Route 2, Box 536
Hillsboro, Oregon 97123

Old Times Here Are *Not* Forgotten...

THE SOUTHERN PARTISAN HAS ARRIVED!

The Conservative Voice of the Unreconstructed South... Presented with Wit and Style...



"...for those concerned about preserving Southern Culture." —*HUMAN EVENTS*

"...a breath of fresh air...a voice crying in the wilderness."
—*CHARLESTON NEWS & COURIER*

"AT LAST!" —*CIVIL WAR PRESS CORPS*

READ: Andrew Lytle - Russell Kirk - M.E. Bradford
Unpublished work by Richard Weaver - And more in

THE MAGAZINE YOU'VE BEEN WAITING FOR

Yes! I'd like to try *THE SOUTHERN PARTISAN* at the special introductory rate of $12.00 per year.

☐ Bill me ☐ $12.00 check enclosed

NAME_____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE_____ ZIP_____

Mail to: The Southern Partisan, P.O. Box 11708, Columbia SC 29211

NR

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sheed, and Frederick Exley having weighed in with perhaps the most notable ones to appear between hard covers so far—and thus Richard Hauer Costa's *Edmund Wilson: Our Neighbor from Talcottville*, despite certain glaring weaknesses, serves as a useful addition to a slender shelf. Costa, a newspaperman turned academic, taught English at Utica College while Wilson was summering in the nearby town of Talcottville, and was friendly with Wilson throughout the last decade of the critic's life. The Wilson he pictures in this book was a far mellower individual than the Wilson of, say, Kazin's *New York Jew*—not to mention the "Wilson" of Anaïs Nin's diary or Mary McCarthy's *A Charmed Life*—and must have been rather a prickly delight to have known. Such quotidian details as the grand panjandrum's love of chocolate sundaes, Ravel's "Boléro," and new movies (he saw *The French Connection* the night before he died) add a humanizing touch to our knowledge of an admittedly difficult character. On the debit side, Costa's prose is graceless, his approach is anything but self-effacing, and there is an air of pedantry about putting four afterwords and 11 pages of footnotes in a conversational memoir; evidently the gracious, artistic touch of a reminiscence like Behrman's *Portrait of Max* is a lost art. Still, *Edmund Wilson: Our Neighbor from Talcottville* is interesting enough to outweigh its faults, and anyone wishing to know more about the later years of America's greatest critic-journalist will want to read it. TERRY TEACHOUT

UNLIKELY HEROES, *by Jack Bass (Simon and Schuster, 352 pp., $14.95).* The dust-jacket calls this a "dramatic story," and it is. It is an account by a seasoned Southern newsman of the indefatigable liberal judges of the Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals who implemented *Brown* v. *Board of Education* in the Deep South after the "deliberate speed" decree of 1955. Just what the impact of the *Brown* decision would have been in the South without judges like Richard T. Rives, Elbert Tuttle, and John Minor Wisdom is, of course, uncertain. But, as Bass points out, Judge John Parker of the Fourth Circuit had held in *Briggs* v. *Elliot* (1955) that *Brown* required only "freedom of choice," not an end to a dual system of public education. Moreover, federal district judges like Harold Cox and Ben Cameron of Mississippi were so hostile to *Brown* that they simply refused to apply it, thus placing themselves at the service of those who called for "massive resistance" to the Court's ruling. Judge Cameron, in fact, actually denounced both the *Brown* decision and the Fifth Circuit liberals in a white-hot footnote to a dissenting opinion in a 1963 school case, and Bass's account of the attack and the ensuing crisis is perhaps the

Dark Horses

CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

A YALE PROFESSOR of political science named Douglas Rae has written—with the assistance of Douglas T. Yates Jr., Jennifer L. Hochschild, Joseph Morone, and Carol Fessler—an interesting dissertation on the subject of equality and inequality. The book, called simply *Equalities* (Harvard, $19.50), is brief, but best suited to people to whom brains have been distributed in somewhat better than equal measure. (No apologies are forthcoming from the authors.)

Rae and company take as their starting point the dour prediction of Alexis de Tocqueville, who wrote:

> The gradual progress of equality is something fated. The main features of this progress are the following: it is universal and permanent, it is daily passing beyond human control, and every event and every man helps [sic] it along. . . . Does anybody imagine that democracy, which has destroyed the feudal system and vanquished kings, will fall back before the middle classes and the rich? Will it stop now, when it has grown so strong and its adversaries so weak?

Tocqueville, who thought the march toward equality "an irresistible revolution," thought not. Rae and his colleagues are not so certain; they are not even sure what question he was asking.

"Equality," they demonstrate, is not a simple term for a simple inclusive state: a society of utterly equal people would be the product of *many* equalities, which in anything less than a hypothetical world would all be in mortal conflict with each other: simple equalities, segmental equalities, bloc-equal equalities, marginal equalities, etc. It is unnecessary for the purposes of this review to define these terms: suffice it to say that the authors are simply making the obvious point that there are very many ways in which persons and situations can be equal and unequal, and that in the real world it is very difficult—impossible, in fact—to orchestrate them into a man-made world of Platonic equality. Life may imitate art. It cannot, however, imitate philosophy.

"Is equality the name for one coherent program or is it the name for a system of mutually antagonistic claims upon society and government?" The *Bakke* decision, Rae suggests, points to the latter. According to one way of thinking about equality—simple individual-regarding equality—Allan Bakke, in applying for admission to medical school, had a right to be considered solely as an individual who had demonstrated his individual qualifications; according to another way—the bloc-equal school of thought—the admissions committee had an ultimate responsibility to consider how the equality of racial groups would be affected by their decision. Why, Rae asks, does this sort of quota decision raise so much uproar? "Because these quotas embody not one but three contradictory equalities at once: equal results *versus* equal opportunity, equal means *versus* equal prospects, and bloc-regarding *versus* individual-regarding equalities." ("What more," he reflects, "can one ask from one policy?")

IT IS NOT impossible, Rae admits, for different notions of equality to converge, as they do for example in redistributive policies, which combine the age-old ideal of equality of lots with the "person-regarding" notion of giving special attention to the needs of unfortunate people—that is to say, with the equally ancient belief in the goodness of charity. More often, however, as in the case of the *Bakke* decision, they are in irremediable conflict, which governments frequently resolve to their own advantage by selecting the most convenient or expedient measure of equality, which may or may not be the most basic and sensible one.

"Equality," Rae notes, "is the simplest and most abstract of notions, yet the practices of the world are irremediably concrete and complex. How, imaginably, could the former govern the latter?"

Let us whisper in your ear, Virginia: *It can't.* □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

most interesting chapter in the book. There is, to be sure, much more: the extraordinary story of Skelly Wright's confrontation with the sovereign state of Louisiana over the desegregation of New Orleans schools (Wright finally enjoined the state legislature); the long and tortuous course of the contempt case against Ross Barnett and Paul Johnson which grew out of the Ole Miss crisis; and the overthrow of "freedom of choice" with the *Jefferson County* case in 1966, the high-water mark of Fifth Circuit activism. All in all, *Unlikely Heroes*, though threadbare in spots, is timely and informative, a useful companion to *The Transformation of Southern Politics*, which Bass co-authored with Walter De Vries in 1976. JACK CHATFIELD

A FISTFUL OF FIG NEWTONS, *by Jean Shepherd (Doubleday, 265 pp., $14.95).* This is Shepherd's first new book in almost ten years, excepting the published script of his television movie, *The Phantom of the Open Hearth* (1978), which was an adaptation of his classic *In God We Trust, All Others Pay Cash* (1966) and its sequel, *Wanda Hickey's Night of Golden Memories, and Other Disasters* (1971). It does not disappoint, and one may hope that it will be the catalyst for some new critical evaluations of Jean Shepherd, certainly the greatest American humorist of the last twenty years, and arguably one of our best writers, period. His ancestors are George Ade, Mark Twain, and H. L. Mencken; his dazzling and somewhat overwhelming style is all his own. As in his previous books, Shepherd takes for his subject the entire gamey and glorious gumbo that is American life: cars, college, summer camp, driving, New Jersey, high school, algebra class, the Army. Shepherd fans will find all the familiar characters in "Ellsworth Leggett and the Great Ice Cream War," a Sousa-like *tour de force* showing the triumph of traditional values in the modern age, and meet some new ones in "The Marathon Run of Ernie, the Arkansas Traveler," which does for the Army what the earlier "Hairy Gertz and the Forty-Seven Crappies" did for fishing. Shepherd could have been writing about himself when he described Ade as "one of the sharpest and most realistic commentators we have ever produced," and it is his realism which places him head and shoulders above the rest of the field of humorists. Shepherd writes for the heart as well as the head; he sympathizes as well as satirizes. *A Fistful of Fig Newtons* is an excellent introduction to those who know no Shepherd, and a refreshment to those who do, and who would trade almost anything to be able to read him again for the first time. JOE MYSAK

WHAT WE TALK ABOUT WHEN WE TALK ABOUT LOVE, *by Raymond Carver (Knopf, 159 pp., $9.95).* Raymond Carver has appropriated a certain section of the American landscape. The inhabitants of the place are usually middle-class, and lead lives of such apparent desperation that they are compelled to commit acts of wanton violence and self-destruction. In his latest collection of short stories, the landscape is as bleak as ever, and the future is likely to be worse. Of course, it is true that in the real world husbands and wives are unfaithful, people do drink to excess, and there are none of us who don't suffer from feelings of alienation at one time or another, but Carver's litany of the ills of Middle America is so unremitting that the reader becomes increasingly incredulous. His spare style, where what is omitted is as significant as what remains, only heightens this impression of a human wasteland. There are two pleasing exceptions: "After the Denim" and "Everything Stuck to Him" are not only suffused with tenderness but the characters are more fully rounded. They are human beings, not rats trapped in a laboratory. They suggest the extent of the considerable skills submerged under Carver's nihilism. JUDITH CHETTLE

THE GREAT UNIVERSITIES

provided the ground for the important political leaders, philosophers, theologians, scientists, lawyers, poets, and religious of the past.

Our college program is based on the Humanities as discerned in the great books of Western civilization and as seen through the eyes of the Christian humanist.

THOMAS MORE INSTITUTE OF LIBERAL ARTS

FOR CATALOGUE AND BROCHURE WRITE TO:

DR. PETER V. SAMPO
Thomas More Institute of Liberal Arts
One Manchester Street
Merrimack, N.H. 03054

PLEASE SEND ME INFORMATION ABOUT THIS PROGRAM

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... STATE ..... ZIP .....

TELEPHONE .....

Speak French like a diplomat!

What sort of people need to learn a foreign language as quickly and effectively as possible? *Foreign service personnel*, that's who. America's diplomatic corps assigned to U.S. embassies abroad must be able to converse fluently in every situation.

Now you can make a start on learning to speak French just as these diplomatic personnel do — with the Foreign Service Institute's Basic French Course.

The U.S. Department of State has spent thousands of dollars developing this course. It's by far *the most effective way* to learn French at your own convenience and pace.

The Basic French Course consists of a series of cassettes and an accompanying textbook. Simply follow the spoken and written instructions, listening and repeating. By the end of the course you'll be learning and speaking entirely in French!

This course turns your cassette player into a "teaching machine." With its unique "pattern drill" learning method, you set your own pace—testing yourself, correcting errors, reinforcing accurate responses.

The FSI's Introductory Basic French Course comes in two parts. Part A provides an introduction to the simpler forms of the language plus a basic vocabulary.

Part B introduces more complex structures and additional vocabulary.

You may order one or both parts of the Basic French Course:

☐ **Basic French, Part A.** 12 cassettes (17 hours) and 200-page text, $115.

☐ **Basic French, Part B.** 18 cassettes (25½ hours) and 300-page text, $149.

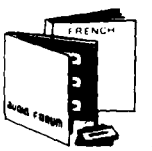
(Conn. and N.Y. residents add sales tax.)

Shipped in handsome library binders.

TO ORDER, JUST CLIP THIS AD and mail it with your name and address, and a check or money order. Or, charge to your credit card (American Express, VISA, MasterCard, Diners Club) by enclosing card number, expiration date, and your signature.

The Foreign Service Institute's French course is unconditionally guaranteed. Try it for three weeks. If you're not convinced it's *the fastest, easiest, most painless way to learn French*, return it and we'll refund every penny you paid. Order today!

Many other FSI language courses also available. Write us.



Audio-Forum
Dept. T-09
On The Green,
Guilford, CT. 06437
(203) 453-9794

audio-forum®

Or visit our New York sales office: 145 E. 49th St., New York, N.Y. 10017 (212)753-1783

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Classified Advertisements

Situations Wanted

ATTRACTIVE woman construction executive, 45, workaholic, wants change. Open to relocation in or out of U.S. Write NR Box 3499.

CONSERVATIVE ATTORNEY, age 23, recently licensed in North Dakota, seeks international or domestic, political, administrative, or law related position. Write NR Box 3500.

Vacation

DELUXE SKI CABIN—22 miles north of Durango, Colo., seven minutes from Purgatory ski area. Sleeps five, two full bathrooms, completely furnished. Indicate dates. Jack M. Doyle Advertising, Inc., 305 W. Broadway, Louisville, Ky. 40202. 502-583-3816.

WISCONSIN FARMHOUSE—woods, river, two bedrooms, two fireplaces, cross-country skiing, well-stocked library, 50 miles north of Milwaukee. $300 weekly rate. Call 414-458-2004.

TRADE MY SANTA CRUZ, CALIF. apartment for New York City apartment; one bedroom, near beach, nice area. Dec. 20–June or Aug. 408-475-0107; 1 p.m. E.S.T.

CALIFORNIA BEACH HOUSE near San Diego. Two bedrooms, two baths, and Pacific Ocean. Car negotiable. Mid-October to mid-December. Exchange for Princeton. 609-924-1314.

Literary

"SEPARATION OF CHURCH AND STATE: Historical Fact and Current Fiction," by Professor Robert L. Cord. "Urgently pertinent," says William Buckley in the Foreword. Order your copy at $16.95 plus $1.50 for postage from Richard Newman, 143 East 37th Street, N.Y., N.Y. 10016. Publication early in 1982.

BOOKS ON FREEDOM? Route 10, Box 52A, Florence, S.C. 29501.

MARIAN/EUCHARISTIC magazine, loyal to Magesterium. Ten issues, $10 yearly. Free sample. Immaculata, 426 Custer, Evanston, Ill. 60202.

BOOKS LOCATED. Send wants. No obligation. Bazaar Books, Box 496, Chico, Calif. 95927.

National Review Accepts...

classified advertisements for personal services, items wanted or for sale, jobs sought or available, houses or apartments for sale or rent, and miscellaneous subjects of a comparable nature. National Review does not accept political advertisements of any kind, or advertisements which are solicitations for funds. National Review reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable for whatever reason. Rates per insertion: $1.00 per word, minimum 10 words, plus $2.25 for box number. Text accompanied by full payment must be received 25 days before publication date. Responses to box numbers will be forwarded. Address: Classified Director, National Review, 150 East 35th Street, New York, New York 10016.

PUBLISHER'S OVERSTOCKS, BARGAIN BOOKS. 2,000 titles, all subjects! Free catalogue: Hamilton's, 98-73 Clapboard, Danbury, Conn. 06810.

BILL RICKENBACKER's funny, warm accounts of life on his Yankee farm: subscribe to "The Berry Patch Letters." Twelve issues, $8 a year. Box 158, West Boxford, Mass. 01885.

Educational Opportunities

GREEK AND LATIN correspondence courses, beginning and advanced. Send S.A.S.E. for free lists. Classical Studies, 3611 13th Avenue North, Grand Forks, N.D. 58201.

CATHOLIC LIBERAL EDUCATION. Thomas Aquinas College offers serious intellectual discipline and a close-knit community of students and teachers. Classics from Aristotle to Einstein replace textbooks; classroom discussions replace lectures, elective system replaced by an integrated, comprehensive study of mathematics, experimental science, language, music, history, literature, philosophy, and theology. Classes do not exceed 20 students. Endorsed by M. Stanton Evans, Russell Kirk, Malcolm Muggeridge. Accredited by Western Association of Schools and Colleges. For information write to: Director of Admissions, Thomas Aquinas College, 10000 N. Ojai Road, Santa Paula, Calif. 93060. 805-525-4417.

MEDICAL SCHOOL in the Dominican Republic. Fully accredited. Classes taught in English. For information and application: Admissions Office, CIFAS University, Suite P, 12820 Whittier Blvd., Whittier, Calif. 90602.

Real Estate

OCEAN-FRONT COVE. Secluded Kona Coast, Hawaii, ¼-acre, terms $51,400. Write NR Box 3495.

REAL ESTATE: 467 acres of farm land in S.D. farm belt. $550 per acre, 30% down and 11% CFD. R.R. H, Box 6, Fedora, S.D. 57337. 605-772-5145.

VAIL SKI RENTAL: 2-bedroom, 2-bath condo. Available 1981-82 season. Call Doris: 309-686-3500, or 309-692-1734 after 5 P.M.

CAPTURE A BIT of history. Buy an antebellum house. Bob Haltom, Broker, Vintage Properties, 113 Jeff Davis Blvd., Natchez, Miss. 39120. 601-442-3718.

For Sale

ORIGINAL EDITION, "Along the Lake." Limited edition of 100, signed and numbered by the artist. 11" x 14" hand-drawn etching on Bienfang Bristol Board. $25 each, plus $5 for postage and handling. Personal check or money order. Walton Studios, Box 250-P, 3535 Apollo St., Metairie, La. 70003.

FAST DELIVERY FOR CHRISTMAS. Confederate bronze paperweights: Great Seal, Forrest, "Stonewall," Lee, "JEB." $11.45 each, postpaid. Jane Baxendale, sculptor, 4114 Sneed NR, Nashville, Tenn. 37215. 615-297-1975.

PH.D.? "I may have a Ph.D. but I'm not stupid." Buttons: $1.50 each; 4 or more, $1.25 each. Pinpoints, Box 2155-D, Boise, Idaho 83701.

STAMPS. Better sets or singles of British colonies, Europe, Africa, or Asia—on approval. Foreign Stamp Service, Box 1005, Great Neck, N.Y. 11023.

AMAZING "FLASHLIGHT PEN" for nightwriters. Details free! F. Howard Distributors, Box 401-NR, Irvington, N.J. 07111-0401.

GREYHOUNDS FOR SALE. Race your own dogs. Tax shelter. Brenner, 25-N Myrtle Street, Medford, Mass. 02155.

ANTIQUE CHRISTMAS POSTCARDS send the feeling and spirit of Christmas. Color brochure and sample, $1.00. R. Fish Publishing, Dept. N, Box 1771, Reseda, Calif. 91335.

Gourmet

MOM'S PERFECT peanut brittle. Delicious. $2. Write to NR Box 3502.

AMARETTO NUT CAKE. Eat now or age for Christmas. $2. K.G., 3624 S.W. 7th, Des Moines, Iowa 50315.

CANDYCRAFT GIFTS. Melt and mold chocolate into taffies, greeting cards, and seasonal tidbits. Write: Sterling Sweets, Box 255, Bensalem, Pa. 19020.

TWO VERY OLD RECIPES for very dark fruitcakes, with tips for the modern baker of these traditional delicacies. Send $2 to: Joanna Bell, 1026 Gregg Street, Columbia, S.C. 29201.

CHINESE PORK STRIPS "CHARSU," Egg Drop Soup Oriental Appetizers. $3.50: J. Chin, 222 Washingtor Street, Brookline, Mass. 02146.

Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

IRVING AND AMY WALLACE:

About the Two

Even though North Carolina had joined the Confederacy, *sympathies in Surry County . . .*, where Chang and Eng dwelt, were split. . . . There was some speculation on what would have happened if Chang and Eng, caught in an atmosphere of conflicting loyalties and unable to secede from *their* union, had supported *different sides*. (Actual title: *The Two*. According to Mark Twain, Chang and Eng fought on opposite sides, took each other prisoner, then exchanged each other.)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SPAGHETTI SAUCE—Northern Italy—better than your favorite restaurant. $4.50, S.A.S.E. to: NR Box 3498.

GRANDMA'S COOKIES AND CANDIES. 12 Recipes, $1.00. S.A.S.E. NR Box 3494.

ORIENTAL SALAD RECIPE. Unique. Ideal for important dinners and holiday feasts. $1.00. Send long S.A.S.E. J. C. Michael, Box 308-S, Wood River, Ill. 62095.

VEAL RECIPE. Ideal for holiday feasts. $2.00, long S.A.S.E.: J. C. Michael, Box 308-V, Wood River, Ill. 62095.

OLD FAMILY EGGNOG recipe, plus three great cookie recipes. Wonderful for holiday entertaining. $5.00. Write NR Box 3487.

MINNESOTA WILD RICE. $7.95 per lb., 2 lbs. $13.95, postpaid. Wild Rice Recipes, $3.00. Great gift idea. P.O. Box 3775, St. Paul, Minn. 55101.

Personal

(NR extends maximum freedom in this column, but NR's maximum freedom may be another man's straitjacket. NR reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable. —Pub.)

SINGLE BOOKLOVERS gets cultured single, widowed, or divorced persons acquainted. Nationwide. Established 1970. Write Box AE, Swarthmore, Pa. 19081, or call 215-566-2132.

PENFRIENDS: ENGLAND, U.S.A. Lasting friendships through correspondence. Send age, interests. Free reply. Harmony, Box 89NR, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11235.

CLASSICAL MUSIC LOVERS' EXCHANGE. The link between unattached music lovers. Write CMLE, Box 31, Pelham, N.Y. 10803.

38-45. FIVE ATTRACTIVE women teachers would like to invite you to dinner. We are interested in theatre, art, good music, travel, golf, and fine food. We cook the dinner; you bring the wine. Phoenix-area men, write for an invitation, describing yourself and where we can contact you, to JG, Box 41819, Phoenix, Ariz. 85080.

Investment Opportunities

MEXICAN INVESTMENTS? Do you have Mexican investments or bank deposits? Interested in the outlook for the peso? You should be reading "Mexletter." For a free copy write: Mexletter, Apartado 1335, Mexico, D.F., 06000, Mexico, or call 905-511-5470.

LOUIS J. LYELL, C.L.U.—Life insurance for estate creation and estate liquidity: P.O. Box 4937, 500 Riverhill Tower, Jackson, Miss. 39216. 601-366-1500.

Miscellaneous

CONVINCE! DRA will transform your raw data into dollar-grabbing promotion material, market studies, reports that speak up to make points. Diamond Research Associates. 212-251-5639.

WW II COLLECTOR buys German, Japanese militaria. Lawrence, 177 Miles Ave., Staten Island, N.Y. 10308.

WANT TO IMPROVE? Our hypnosis tapes can help! Introduction, Concentration and Study, Management, Weight Control, Smoking, Sports, Golf, Personality, Sleep. $10 each, 3 for $25, 6 for $45. A terrific gift! Hypmovation Productions, 101 W. Alameda Ave., Burbank, Calif. 91502.

HANDWRITING ANALYSIS IN DEPTH. Send full page of writing and $20 to Elisabeth King, 121 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016.

WANTED: Respondents to a questionnaire on what it means to be an American today. The questionnaire asks broad questions and allows for lengthy replies. Please write for a copy. Anonymity guaranteed. Institute for Transnational Studies, VKC 300, University of Southern California, Los Angeles, Calif. 90007.

MONEY FROM BOXTOPS! Free hobby starter, send long stamped envelope. Liberty, Box 272 (NR), Concord, Calif. 94522.

ACHIEVEMENT PLANNING CALENDAR—Drift or pilot your life. Unique tool for managing your time and talents. Begin any month. $12.50. Life Portraits, 1850 Washtenaw, Ann Arbor, Mich. 48104.

FED UP with bureaucratic harassment? Turn the tables on the bureaucrats—send back the People's Form. Three complete forms only $5. "People's Form," NR Box 3501.

HUNDREDS OF GOVERNMENT BENEFITS available. How and where to find them. Send $2. SM, P.O. Box 1055, Drexel Hill, Pa. 19026.

WHAT'S BETTER THAN a dictionary? "Spell it Fast," by Acropolis Books Ltd. No rules, pronunciations, definitions, symbols. Simply 25,000 words organized in 60 common subjects. $7.50 postpaid. Satisfaction guaranteed. Dept. NR111, P.O. Box 14472, Chicago, Ill. 60614.

ANCESTORS TRACED BY DEBRETT. It costs no more for the ancient and distinguished firm of Debrett's Peerage Ltd. to trace your family history. Everyone has ancestors. Please request our free booklet on our worldwide services. Write to Dept. Rev., Debrett Ancestry Research, Suite 303E, 200 Park Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017, or Gordon Road, Winchester, U.K.

CONSERVATIVE EPISCOPALIANS in the New York metropolitan area, opposed to the ordination of women or changes in the 1928 Book of Common Prayer, are invited to Holy Communion and sermon at St. Mary Magdalene, 1175 Third Avenue, Sundays at 4 p.m. For inquiries, P.O. Box 1133 FDR Station, New York, N.Y. 10150.

PSYCHOTHERAPY-EXPERIENCED PSYCHIATRIST. Strict confidentiality, reasonable fees. Free consultation. Call in San Francisco: Golden Gate Psychiatric Medical Group, 415-567-5778.

YOU CAN BE A LEADER. Just published! Simple! Practical! 160 pages, soft-cover, $5.90. Money-back guarantee. Leadership Press, Dept. NR, Box 1144, Claremont, Calif. 91711.

Subscription Service

TO SUBSCRIBE OR RENEW:

☐ new subscription
☐ renewal

☐ 1 year **$24** (USA)
☐ 1 year **$26** (Canada)
☐ 1 year **$28** (All other foreign).

☐ Payment enclosed
☐ Bill me

Initial here _____

CHANGE OF ADDRESS AND RENEWAL:

Please attach the mailing label from the front cover when writing about service or change of address. Allow 3 weeks for change of address to take effect. Thank you.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

MAIL TO: National Review, Readers Service 150 East 35th Street, New York., NY 10016

NR CLASSIFIED ADS

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER!

Pay for two ads—get a third ad FREE. Advance payment (minimum 2 ads)

Rates: $1.00 per word. $2.25 for NR box number

Enclosed $ _____
Mail to:
Classified Director
National Review
150 East 35 Street
New York, NY 10016

AD COPY:

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a word edgewise *from* An Old Liberal Cold Warrior

JOHN P. ROCHE

THE WHISKEY CAPER

Boston—The Swedes, notorious for their ferocity toward drunken drivers, seem to have relented in the case of the Soviet sub *Whiskey 137*.

The skipper of the sub had *Whiskey* on the rocks, but after elaborate plea-bargaining was turned over to his family for rehabilitation. May God have mercy on him: I doubt if his superiors will. Also, heads should roll in the Swedish navy: for starters, who is the mole who informed Moscow of the secret Swedish torpedo tests that the sub was sent to monitor?

There are several very interesting dimensions to this incredible penetration of Swedish waters. I gave up spy stories years ago because the most interesting intelligence puzzles these days involve technology. When the Israelis, for example, sent three C-130s on that rescue mission to Entebbe, my first question was, How did they escape Soviet radar detection at Aden?

A C-130 has a very large radar "fingerprint," and Soviet radar installations are deployed in phases that would seem to make flying under them impossible. The same question arose when the Israelis neatly slipped into downtown Baghdad and blew up the Iraqi reactor. That must also have troubled those nations who, like Iraq, have Soviet air-defense systems.

With this as background music, let us look at what *Whiskey 137* managed to pull off. The top naval base at Karlskrona is protected by an archipelago of islands large and small, rocks and reefs, and fierce tides that make it a navigator's nightmare. A friend who is a superb yachtsman went up there in his craft several years ago, took one look at the navigational chart, and hired a pilot.

Lieutenant Commander Anatoly M. Gushin worked his way through this labyrinth to within 12 miles of the Swedish base. My expert says he must have found the main channel; otherwise he would have had to go by day on the surface, risking observation. Or by night on instruments, which would have been beyond even irrational belief. Let's assume he found the Swedish channel.

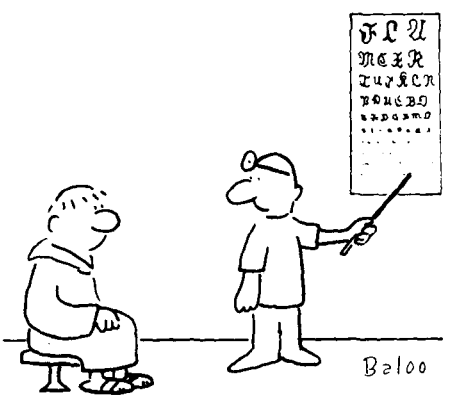
But this passage should have been loaded with anti-submarine sensors and other ASW (anti-submarine warfare) equipment. Even modified, the *Whiskey*-class sub is noisy, running on diesel, so sonic buoys should have picked her up. Beyond that it's no state secret that we, the British, and presumably other powers have what amount to burglar alarms planted on the sea bottom. Why didn't any of this stuff go off?

This is not just an abstract exercise: if the USSR has developed a "black box" that neutralizes ASW systems, there are profound implications for the defense of the West. The Swedes who did board the ship noted it was loaded with electronic gear. Why didn't they grab it? I don't recall Khrushchev returning the U-2.

Whiskey 137 was presumably in place to monitor electronically the tests of the newest Swedish torpedoes. How did Moscow know about the precise time and location of those tests? The Swedish naval officials running the tests were notified only two weeks in advance. Maybe a spy at the naval base got out the news, but more likely—given the lead time needed to get *Whiskey 137* there—it was someone in the Admiralty. Send for Smiley!

Then the stunning news that the sub had nuclear devices aboard, probably nuclear torpedoes. The Russians refused to allow the Swedes to inspect the forward compartment, which was emitting radiation. Wandering around in the territorial waters of a neighboring friendly state with nukes is hardly comparable to the accidental intrusion of a fishing trawler. Why didn't the Swedes grab the sub?

This poses a nasty question for NATO planners: Are all the *Whiskeys*—about forty—now equipped with a nuclear attack capacity? The latest *Military Balance*—the manual of the International Institute of Strategic Studies, which usually reflects official intelligence estimates—lists only the late-model nuclear-powered Soviet subs carrying nuclear weapons. If the *Whiskeys*, and other early models, also have this capacity, the Russian navy has virtually doubled its underwater nuclear lethality.



Finally, where was the monster public howl? In Stockholm about four thousand protested, roughly the size crowd that would have gathered in 1967 to protest a Saigon cop kicking a dog. Why no screaming mobs in Bonn, Berlin, Milan, Rome, Paris? Perhaps those are reserved for the first U.S. sub that replicates skipper Gushin's ride? Besides, the Soviets are known to hate nuclear weapons. □

LESSON OF THE SPANISH ARMADA

Boston—A number of correspondents have challenged my views on the MX and the B-1, essentially asking why I am willing to permit the Soviets to develop preponderant military power. Why, they inquire, shouldn't we have a super-missile, a heavy one comparable to the Russian SS-18, and an up-to-date penetration bomber? Fair enough: let me try to summarize my logic.

First, in building the MX we are in fact acting like "apes on a treadmill," a formulation borrowed from Paul Warnke, President Carter's arms-control expert. In the context in which Warnke employed it, I thought he was dead wrong. But now it seems as though we are simply imitating Soviet behavior in a mindless fashion.

I am prepared to argue that, given the state of the art, a pre-emptive Soviet strike on our strategic missiles is impossible. We are no longer at the mercy of a primitive warning system in Greenland or Alaska that can confuse a flight of geese with an incoming salvo. There is a redundancy in warning systems, with satellites as the ultimate.

Thus, if Soviet Defense Minister Ustinov has a contingency plan for taking out our Minutemen before launch, he is smart enough to know that all his stuff would hit empty silos. We would, of course,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

launch on warning, or, as the new formula runs, launch under attack (LUA). Nobody doubts we can build a bigger heavy missile than Moscow—but why?

Let's move to the B-1, that splendid replacement for the B-52 as the "penetration bomber," the third leg of our strategic triad. Who designated the B-52 a "penetration bomber"? It is subsonic and has never penetrated anything except North Vietnamese ground-based air defenses. Penetrating the USSR would involve dealing with not only the PVO-Strany's (the separate air defense command) ground-based stuff, including the Mach-7-plus ABM-10, but also supersonic interceptions.

In other words, if we assume the B-52 is a "penetration bomber" it will need to be convoyed by our fighters to prevent Mach-2 MiGs from holding a duck-shoot. The parallel that comes to mind is the appalling losses to our B-17s over Germany before the Lightnings and Mustangs, with necessary range, came on the scene to ride shotgun.

The conviction that the Air Force simply wants the B-1 as a new toy is supported by an overpowering silence about the operational existence of about two hundred F-111As and FB-111s, which are Mach-2-plus (depending on load) authentic "penetration bombers." Their payload is much smaller than the B-1's, but the important question is, Could the B-1 deliver? You figure the odds on that yourself.

This could go on, but what I want to emphasize is my central point: we should not, to use an analogy, go on playing bridge, but shift to poker. In other words, move our responses to a different level. The introduction of Welsh archers and their longbows, for example, altered the whole conduct of wars. It is seldom appreciated that the arrow, not the neutron bomb, was the first "capitalist weapon": it killed the knight but preserved his valuable armor.

I JUST finished a fascinating book on precisely this theme: David Howarth's *The Voyage of the Armada: The Spanish Story* (Viking). Howarth, using Spanish sources, did a superb job of complementing Garrett Mattingly's classic *The Defeat of the Spanish Armada*. It fits the model perfectly.

The Spanish fleet was built to conduct and warfare at sea. The great galleons were little more than armed troop transports; naval strategy consisted of massing the fleet, closing with the enemy, and boarding. It was a European land-war strategy put aboard ships. Normally the enemy, who shared the strategy, cooperated, and masses of men climbed on opposing ships and chopped each other up.

The English, who had been expecting the Spaniards for some time, decided to change the game. Led by the High Admiral, Lord Howard of Effingham, John Hawkins, and Francis Drake, they redesigned their craft for a new kind of sea war, one which involved speed, maneuverability, and gunnery. They chopped down the huge castles, fore and aft, added sail, and improved ordnance. These were not troop ships, but autonomous instruments of destruction.

The poor Spaniards never knew what hit them; they couldn't close and board, and the English sailed circles around them, picking off stragglers. The Armada wandered off to destruction, and sea warfare was never the same again. Not a bad precedent for our times. □

PERILS OF GRAND STRATEGY

Boston—This November seems to have been designated by the Administration as Take a Saudi to Lunch Month. Now with the AWACS sale locked up, we presumably have gained the support of the key moderate Arab state for our Middle Eastern policy. If its opponents had triumphed, by now doubtless the Saudis would be aligned with the extremist Arab states. The problem with this high theory is that Saudi Arabia is not a state; it is a family business.

It is amazing how quite intelligent men and women get carried away by what Alfred North Whitehead once called "the fallacy of assumed concreteness." From the fact that, say, the People's Republic of Gondola is admitted to the United Nations, issues postage stamps, and sends its Grand Wali on a state visit to Washington, it is inferred that Gondola is a "state."

Thus, we get a Gondola Desk at the State Department, the International Security wallahs at Defense take on a Gondola expert, and the myth is enshrined, despite the fact that Gondola does not have the administrative infrastructure to run an American-style inaugural banquet.

In most areas the myth is harmless. A lot of amateur stamp-collectors get mugged when they buy Gondola's stamps—printed in New York for sale in New York since Gondola has no post office, but a good source of hard currency to buy the Grand Wali his Mercedes. As you know from watching various meetings of the Rich and Poor Nations, no representative of an impoverished "state" is properly dressed without a Mercedes.

Similarly Gondola lines up at the "soft" window of the International Development Bank and gets some funds to make ends meet, but there should be some payoff for ingenuity. Indeed, the purchase of three more Mercedeses will help the West German GNP.

When this fantasizing becomes harmful is at the point where it influences strategic military thinking. Look again at Saudi Arabia: three distinct military forces, the largest 35,000, kept under separate command as coup insurance; a population estimated at ten million, of whom perhaps half are Palestinian, Yemeni, Indian, and other assorted "guest workers"; and an elite of five thousand princes of the Wahabi House of Ibn Saud. Is this a "state"?

Small things provide useful evidence in inquests of this sort. The Swedes are having fits that a Soviet sub could evade all their elaborate anti-submarine detection devices, go aground 12 miles from their key Baltic naval base, and, after 12 hours on a mud flat, be accidentally discovered by a fishing boat. Knowing Swedish technological mastery, one can predict immediate, effective remedial action will be taken. Sweden is a "state."

BUT take the case of the seizure in November 1979 of the Grand Mosque in Mecca by a group of extremist sectarians, apparently wholly without aid or comfort from external sources. It took the whole armed might of Saudi Arabia two weeks to clean them out—with unpublished technical assistance from a contingent of French anti-terrorist cops.

Recall also the alleged military power of Iraq—whose army hasn't penetrated more than half an inch on the map of seething, anarchic, crippled Iran. Yet in military terms Iraq compares to Saudi Arabia as the Soviet Union does to Denmark. Moreover, the understandable concern of the Saudis about oil burglars has prevented them from going through with a plan to bring in Pakistani mercenaries to control the hearts and minds of the faithful.

As an old friend, an infantry veteran of the Pacific War, once ruefully observed about the Vietnam War, "All those high theorists were staffers [in World War II]. They were never pinned down in the jungle with the CO dead, the Exec wounded, the radio busted, mortar rounds coming in, and us down to M-1s and grenades. If I asked McNamara what we should have done, he would probably say, 'Get the radio fixed and call for air strikes.'"

At this gut level the question is not, What can we do to make the Saudis love us? but, How can we protect Saudi oil? Assuming this is in our national interest, which I do, there is only one answer. Not our Rapid Deployment Force, which might get its command structure sorted out in a week, but the Israeli Defense Force, with U.S. air and logistical support, which could be there in hours and has desert war experience. In short, let Saudis take Israelis out to lunch; it could pay off. □

(King Features Syndicate, Inc.)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

The Stockman Affair

On The Right

New York, Nov. 16—It pays to read every word of the *Atlantic Monthly* article, then every word of David Stockman's statement to the press, and then at least one novel by Anthony Trollope. What is truly astonishing is that there should be such astonishment. If the point were simply made that Stockman used here and there an unfortunate metaphor, why then it is good news that the hygiene of the English language has suddenly become a front-page concern. If the point is that setting out to a) balance the budget, b) defeat inflation, and c) do a) and b) under the onus of a democratic system requires hard maneuvering, flexibility, frustration, exaggeration, then really there isn't that much of a story here.

What is the worst that can be said about Stockman? I mean, how would, say, the William Kunstlers of this world state their case against him?

They would say that he consciously deceived the President of the United States, the President's advisors, and the chairmen of committees of Congress.

How?

By suggesting that tax cuts of a certain amount, budget reductions of a certain amount, and a balanced budget by 1984 were compatible. Knowing all along that they were not.

But why is a single man in such control of the figures as to have the power to effect such dissimulation?

Just after Congress agreed to the budget cuts, William Greider writes in the *Atlantic Monthly*, Stockman was less than jubilant over what so many considered a great victory. Stockman privately communicated his misgivings to his friend. "There was less there than met the eye. Nobody has figured it out yet. Let's say that you and I walked outside and I waved a wand and said, I've just lowered the temperature from 110 to 78. Would you believe me?" Stockman's reference was to projections made by the Congressional Budget Office from an unrealistic economic base. Perhaps it is the contention of his critics that he should have denounced the projections there and then as unrealistic. They have a point, but not a compelling one. How often does one hear, from an active political figure, denunciations of projections which, although mishandled, are being used in order to enhance the chances of legislation for which he is lobbying? If a politician eager to encourage legislation to aid unemployed black teenagers hears the figure used that 55 per cent of them are unemployed, notwithstanding that he has every reason to believe the figure is really 35 per cent, it is not often that he will rise to correct an exaggeration that serves his purpose.

Stockman made it clear, when he confronted the press, that he backs the President's program. He made it clear that he does not believe it will result in a balanced budget by 1984. One can both back Reagan's program and predict it will not balance the budget. His critics would appear to be saying that Congress would not have done what it did if Congress had known everything Stockman knows. But is this so?

Would the budget cuts have been made? Presumably the answer to that is, Yes, they'd have been cut, because we are overspending.

Well then, would the taxes have been reduced? That depends on the extent of one's commitment to the proposition that taxes are too high. Supply-side economics is dismissed by Mr. Stockman's friend Greider as nothing more than "new language and argument to conceal a hoary old Republican doctrine: give the tax cuts to the top brackets, the wealthiest individuals and largest enterprises, and let the good effects 'trickle down' through the economy to reach everyone else." What is the matter with that sentence, other than that everything that is hoary is already old, is that that which is hoary is not necessarily antiquated, even as we have not in two millennia improved on the exhortation to love one's neighbor as oneself.

The principal defect in Reagan's program is that it insufficiently provides for those who characteristically save, invest, and risk. "Seventy per cent of this tax reduction," Stockman told the press, "some $135 billion out of $200 billion, over the next three years, will go to middle- and lower-income Americans—from zero to $50,000 a year."

That is why the program is not likely to bring us that balanced budget. If Congress had followed the advice of Milton Friedman, reducing the top tax rate to 25 per cent, we would not have needed to worry about a deficit in 1984. The scandal is that David Stockman could not—cannot—tell the whole truth because the people's representatives will not listen to it. □

ELEGANT, ENCOUNTER, AND SAFER

New York, Nov. 12—In the August issue of *Encounter* magazine, the author Robert Elegant wrote a long piece called "A Reporter Looks Back at the Vietnam War." This is not, though it might fruitfully be just that, a report in turn on Mr. Elegant's report. Rather, it is a report on a reaction to it so alarming, given the source, as to raise serious questions about the balance of key American media personnel.

What Mr. Elegant said in his long essay was that the time had come to review the implications of the job done by the press in reporting the Vietnam War. He believes the reporting by the press had consequences arguably so critical as actually to dictate the course of the war. It is a cliché that the Vietnam War was lost as a result of poor policy decisions, by the government primarily, as also by the military. But what was the role of the press in catalyzing such decisions? We are all more or less familiar with the apparently endless furor caused by the American incursion into Cambodia in 1970. That furor is, really, a creature of the press. It dates back to inflamed reports on U.S. "escalation," and has evolved into the surrealistic notion that Henry Kissinger and Richard Nixon were personally responsible for the death and mutilation of a couple of million Cambodians under Pol Pot.

Elegant, for instance, writes: "I believe it can be said (surprising as it may still sound) that South Vietnamese and American forces actually won the limited military struggle. They virtually crushed the Vietcong in the South." Elegant goes on: "It is . . . interesting to wonder whether Angola, Afghanistan, and Iran would have occurred *if* Saigon had not fallen amid nearly universal odium—that is to say, *if* the 'Vietnam Syndrome,' for which the press (in my view) was largely responsible,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

had not afflicted the Carter Administration and paralyzed American will."

Reports from Vietnam, often by correspondents who were unschooled in the issues at stake and insensitive to the nature of the contending passions, were sometimes apparently written "to win the approbation of other correspondents in that insidiously collegial atmosphere, [producing] reporting that was remarkably homogeneous." "Reporting Vietnam became a closed, self-generating system sustained largely by the acclaim the participants lavished on each other in almost equal measure to the opprobrium they heaped on 'the Establishment,' a fashionable and very vulnerable target."

Elegant gives example after example. He cites the vulnerability of the South Vietnamese to corruption. He criticizes impartially the policies of John Kennedy, Lyndon Johnson, and Richard Nixon. He dwells on the huge differential in the passion generated by the Vietnam War, designed to contain the Communists, and the transitory passion aroused by the awful slaughters since presided over in South Vietnam, Laos, and Cambodia by the men who won the war. The article is balanced, thoughtful, detailed, provocative, modest in tone, exploratory in mood.

ALONG comes CBS's Morley Safer. Since I know and like the gentleman, I go down on my knees hoping that he read, on the CBS network that morning in October, lines written for him by a young, thoughtless, and ignorant fanatic. He refers to Robert Elegant as "the popular novelist." One might as well refer to Dwight Eisenhower as "a well-known amateur golfer." Robert Elegant, who has written two novels, spent 25 years as a foreign correspondent, twenty of them in Southeast Asia, and several years, cumulatively, in Vietnam. He was the principal area correspondent for *Newsweek* magazine and won several prizes for his work. He did graduate work in Oriental Studies at Yale University before going to Hong Kong.

Morley Safer then compared Elegant's article to the kind of thing Joseph Goebbels would have done. Three sentences later he brought up Goebbels again, and then decided that the article by Elegant was also "appropriate for a Soviet department of agitation and propaganda." He finished by saying that *Encounter* magazine—which, by the way, would appear on anyone's list of the top six journals published in English—once accepted CIA money, and perhaps Elegant was after "pieces of silver left from those dark days." The performance was shocking. Elegant's protest elicited from the head of CBS news the statement, "We see no basis for any request for response time."

The episode is at least as serious as any controversy over how to allocate the blame for the bloody fiasco in Vietnam. If such a reply is accepted as appropriate criticism, then civilized discourse, as the basis of democratic exchange, is dead. □

MOYNIHAN AT MILLBROOK

New York, Nov. 10—Daniel Patrick Moynihan was the speaker at the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Millbrook School in FDR's home county and said some amusing things, and some strange ones, though to be sure the newspaper accounts do not sharply distinguish between what he said at the school and what he said while making politics in the town of Millbrook. At one or the other he said that the Reagan Administration had brought "a time of meanness in American life when the very idea of education commences to be assaulted." He did not make it clear who exactly in the Reagan Administration is assaulting "the very idea of education." Whoever is doing this is obviously just mean enough to guard his anonymity.

In his prepared text Mr. Moynihan said some provocative things, for instance that the policy document recently submitted by Education Secretary Terrel Bell to the White House was "mostly nonsense." Why? Because it was clearly produced by people "obsessed with the fear of the national government." "From this," said Mr. Moynihan, "I conclude that there is something wanting, individually or collectively, in their education. Someone should look into this." Well, I have. And I'm now left wondering what was deficient in the education of Thomas Jefferson. Because, of course, he wrote not only the well-known generality that that government governs best that governs least, but the less well-known admonition that the "government can only do something for you in proportion as it can do something to you."

Pity, too, that John Adams was so under-educated. He wrote that "government turns every contingency into a means of enhancing power and the government."

Woodrow Wilson would presumably have failed to pass Senator Moynihan's test as an educated man, in virtue of having written that "the history of liberalism is the history of man's efforts to restrain the growth of government."

Mr. Moynihan was off on quite a toot, at Millbrook. He is appalled by the Secretary of Education's statement that "the Federal Government does not have responsibility for education." How can anyone say such a thing? Our central government is wonderful! "Ours is the oldest Republic on earth," said Mr. Moynihan, a claim that should make news in Switzerland. Indeed, "No serious person has ever suggested anything of the sort. Perhaps the most important act of the Continental Congress was the Northwest Ordinance which provided a direct federal subsidy for education." Right, and nobody should object that the Federal Government provides for the education of the boys and girls in Guam, Guam being a territory of the United States, even as the territories northwest of the Ohio River were once that. You could hardly ask the state of Rhode Island, back in 1786, to shoulder expenses of territories that belonged to all the states that had underwritten the Articles of Confederation. Significantly, the Northwest Ordinance provided for the evolution of the territories to where they would become states—and forfeit any educational subsidy from the government.

BUT Mr. Moynihan was marching toward a point, and it is an interesting one. In the first place, back in 1979 he voted against making the Department of Education a separate Cabinet portfolio, because he felt it belonged in HEW, within whose huge embrace it was better protected. But now he argues that those who believe that non-public schools should receive tuition credits should not argue for the reduction of federal aid to public schools. "Ought not proponents of aid to non-public schools state right away that equal means equal; that they will not accept aid for non-public schools at the expense of the public systems, and further, that if there is to be no federal aid to public schools, then there should be none to non-public schools?"

The answer to that is: No. 1) Obviously if the population of the public schools diminishes, so should their expenses. 2) As Moynihan concedes, it was only in 1964 that the Federal Government came substantially to the business of subsidizing public elementary and secondary schools. It was not necessary then, and isn't necessary now, to get federal money for schools that have always been state-supported. 3) The idea of tuition tax credits is to return to parents already paying taxes to support the public schools a part of this subsidy, in order to permit them to patronize schools of their choice. If such a subsidy could be contrived by the states—by lowering their taxes, or granting credits—then that arrangement would be perfectly satisfactory. But to say that tax credits for private-school users are only justified so long as there are subsidies for non-private-school users is on the order of saying that aid to dependent children can't be given unless you also come out for aid to non-dependent children.

Ah well. Senator Moynihan is lots of fun, and will be wise again soon after his re-election. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. Jan Huss, Heywood Broun, Holmes, and Watson — 192 56 191 218 3 168 37 181 225

B. Surpassed — 31 34 49 61 96 106 127 136 179 193 / 15

C. Metamorphosis — 1 196 35 41 142 146 184 198 163 173

D. Dressing-places at the beach — 16 28 195 50 72 82 123 9 66 160

E. Naval officers — 73 43 156 183 29 4 94 205

F. A Hibernian Yankee? — 60 78 212 117 97 57 188 164 6

G. A talking-machine — 202 2 23 219 12 107 118 122 199 125

H. In a shocking manner — 143 79 126 197 204 39 134 103

I. What we need in the bureaucracy along with axemen — 10 13 42 44 24 30 58 69 87

J. Music played during a church collection — 157 110 128 7 80 130 68 141 121

K. A county and its capital, central Ireland — 169 104 46 71 133 63 150 138 19

L. An American entertainer (b. 1918) — 26 47 115 119 11 149 171 187 137 159

M. A device for cutting into strips — 175 214 21 111 70 98 223 48

N. What Walter Cronkite was for years — 215 161 75 207 144 112 52 84 201

O. What William the Conqueror was — 74 210 85 89 95 5

P. To make gloomy — 186 76 59 86 190 155

Q. An eating-place — 67 90 145 213 206 211 162 45 113

R. A city on Cayuga Lake, N.Y. — 165 62 102 53 91 64

S. In an honest manner — 101 108 83 120 131 32 151 185 203 129

T. A water conservation program? — 18 20 88 222 51 55 81 99 14 124 / 132

U. Practice exercises — 8 17 92 109 153 158 167 174 36 40

V. Italian for, "Take notice!" — 220 170 176 114 216 194 208

W. Endured — 152 177 172 77 22 65

X. Endured — 180 221 135 25 147 182 93 38 116

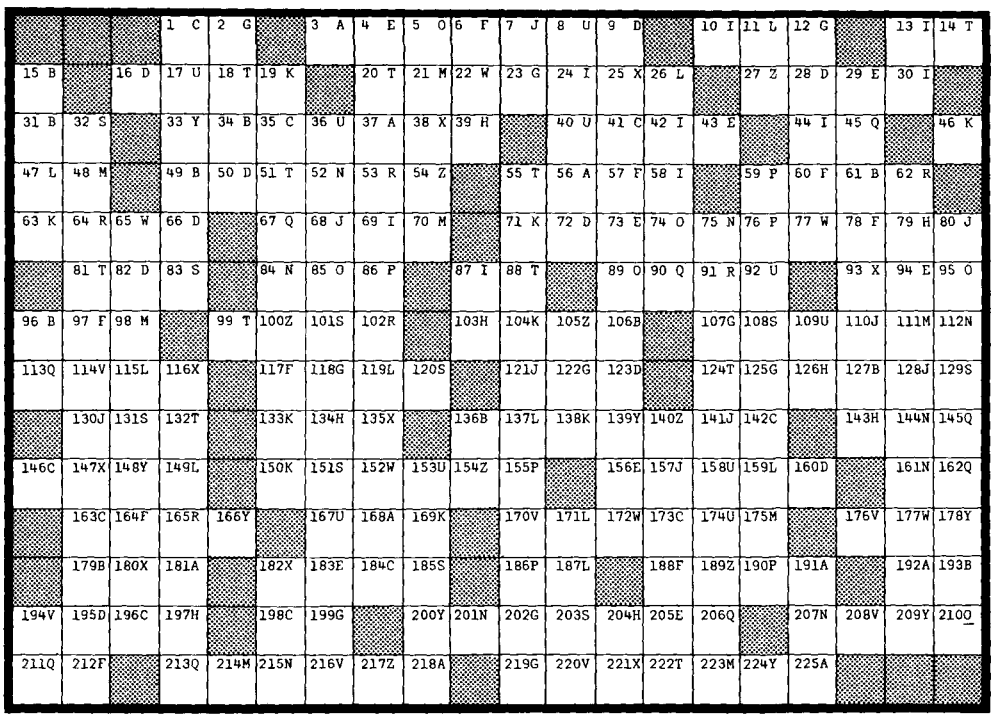
Y. A clergyman's designation — 224 148 139 178 33 200 209 166

Z. The name of four popes — 27 105 217 140 154 100 189 54

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

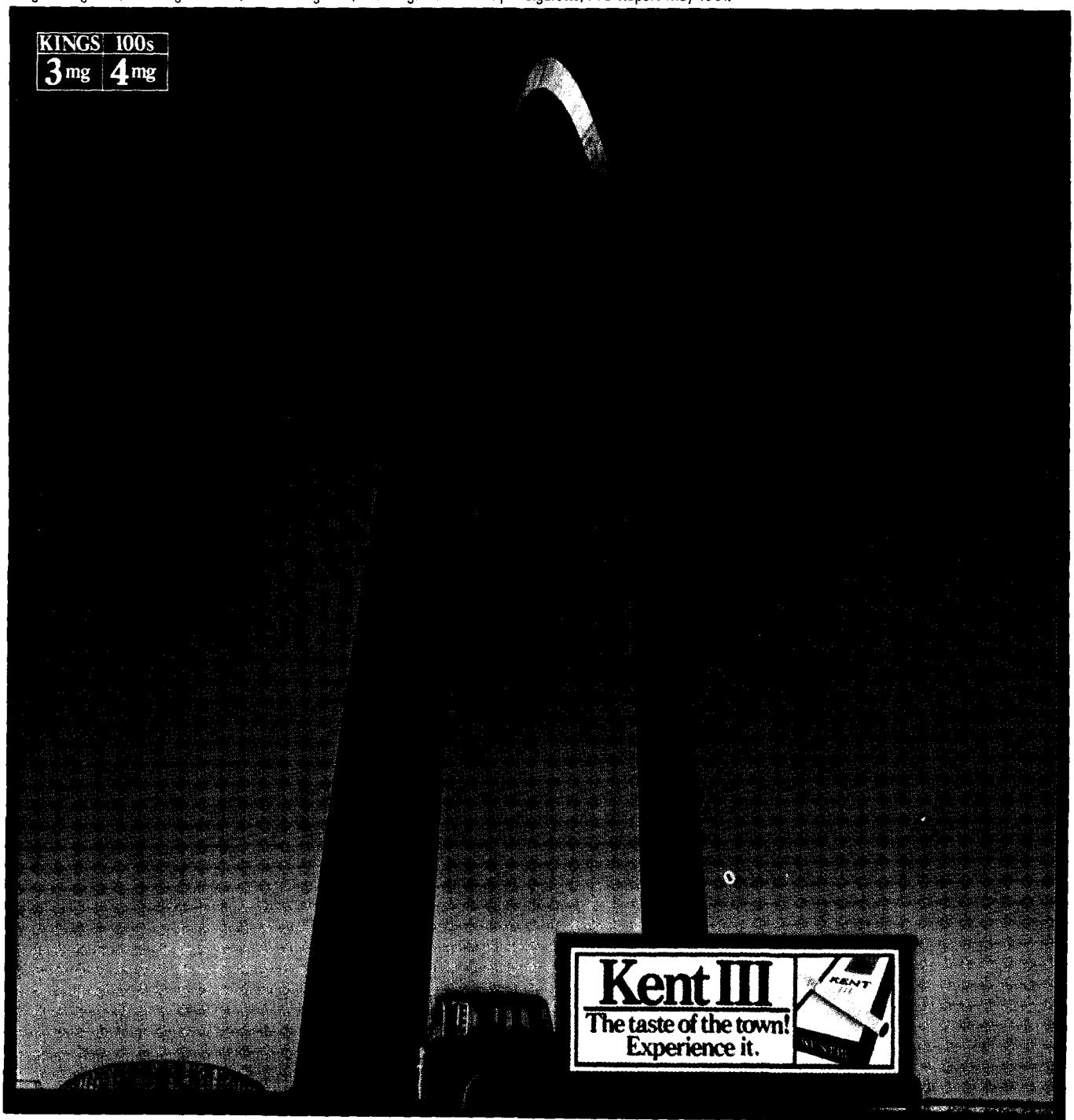
See page 1504 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Gateway arch supporter of Kent III taste!

Kings: 3 mg. "tar," 0.3 mg. nicotine; 100s: 4 mg. "tar," 0.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May 1981.



© Lorillard, U.S.A., 1981

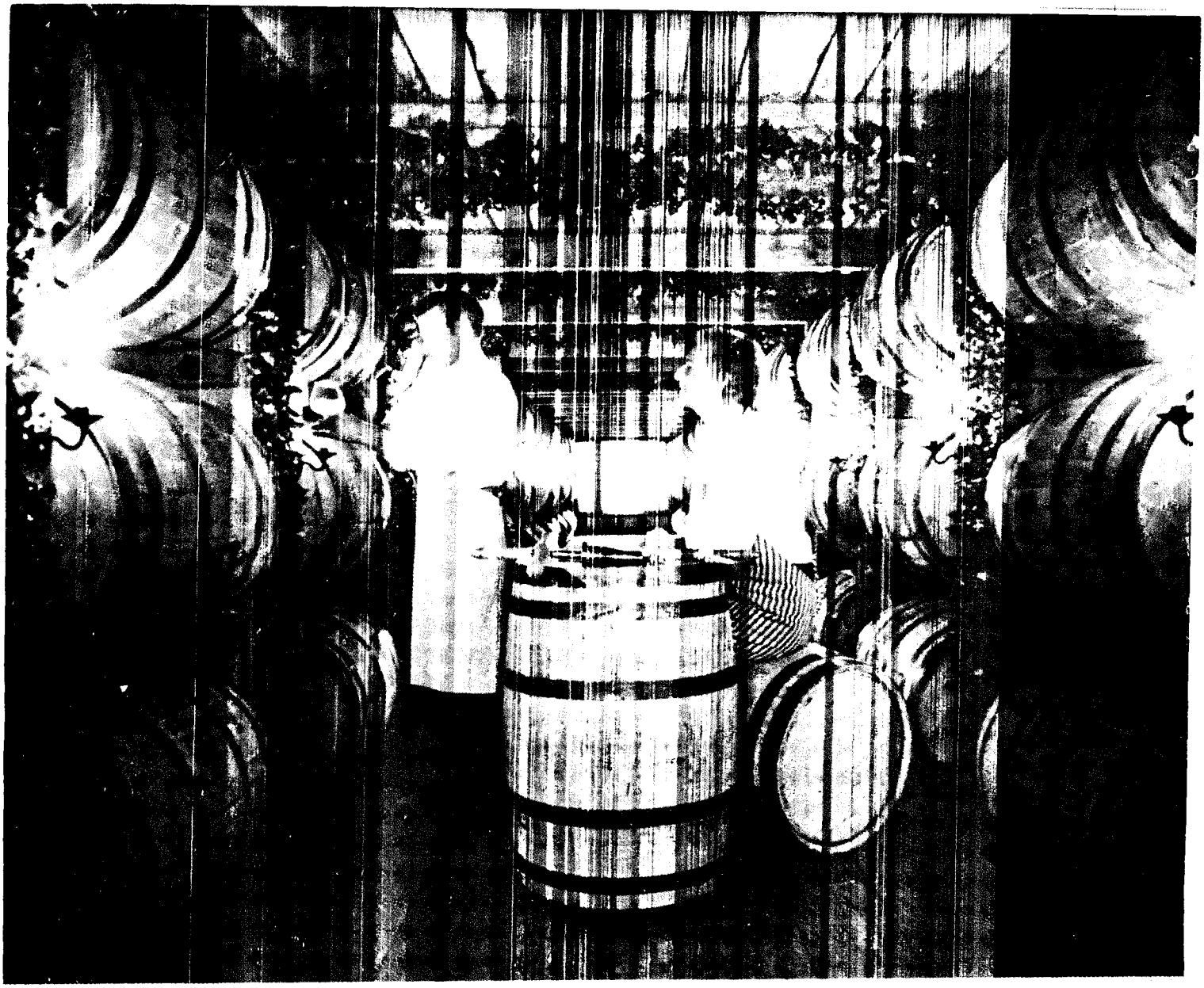
Taste, real taste, in a really low tar and St. Louis' taste of the town! It's taste that's made Kent III one of America's most popular low, low tars in the Gateway City, Granite City, Glen Cove, Webster Groves, Walla Walla, Beulah, Rolla, Poplar Bluff... and that's enough!

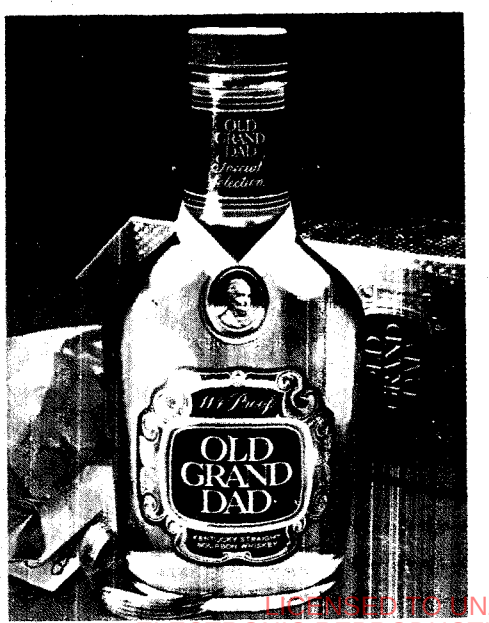
Come experience it!

Experience Kent III. The taste of the town!™

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED





Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey, 114 Proof. Old Grand-Dad Distillery Co., Frankfort, KY 40601

And it's the only 114 proof Bourbon poured straight from the barrel.

Undiluted and unmixed, it's poured from new charred casks made of century-old white oak.

Only this natural simplicity can give the 114 proof a classic, mellow smoothness in the fine Grand-Dad tradition.

It is the world's most expensive Bourbon and a gift that will be proudly remembered.

114 Barrel Proof Grand-Dad

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED